

The Ypsilantian

EIGHTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1887.

NUMBER 392.

Buy Your Groceries

GRAVES.

THE LIVE GROCER.

Low Prices, Best Goods.

STEPHENSON.

The Photographer,

of Ypsilanti and vicinity, wishes to inform the public in general that he has secured the service of

Mr. A. C. Butler,

of Detroit, as operator and general assistant. Mr. Butler, having had a large experience in the business, is enabled to do first-class work. Don't take my word for it but call and be convinced.

Students' pictures at reduced rates. Don't forget that we make the

New Permanent Bromide Picture.

STEPHENSON.

Over the Postoffice.

The Business World in Miniature at

Business College!

YPSILANTI, MICH.

No theory or text-book work; everything is real, the same as in the outside world. Visitors cordially invited. Circulars on application.

P. R. CLEARY,
PRINCIPAL.

PURE ICE CREAM

Manufactured from the

Best Sweet Cream

—BY THE—

Ypsilanti Creamery Company.

Orders for cream for socials, parties, picnics or for private consumption promptly filled.

Orders left at E. Washburn's Restaurant will be filled at wholesale prices.

CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY!

Dr. A. B. SPINNEY,

Medical Superintendent of the Ypsilanti Sanitarium, has opened an office on the ground floor of the Sanitarium, where he is prepared to examine and treat all forms of Chronic Diseases. Special attention will be given to the treatment of

CATARRH, THROAT, LUNG, AND EYE AND EAR DISEASES.

Persons suffering from diseased vision and unable to find glasses can have their eyes examined and glasses made to order. Dr. Spinney has been 15 years in active general practice, also 12 years in the treatment of Chronic Diseases. Office hours: 10 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 4 P. M.

The Ypsilantian.

ESTABLISHED JANUARY 1, 1880.

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(GEO. C. SMITH, - - - PERRY F. POWERS.)
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Advertising rates reasonable, and made known on application.

Address THE YPSILANTIAN, Ypsilanti, Mich.

SUMMER NIGHT CONCERT.—At the Opera House, Friday evening of next week, July 15, will be given a concert under the auspices of St. Luke's Chapel Guild, which will be participated in by the best amateur and professional talent of Ypsilanti, vocal and instrumental. It will be a musical reunion of the artists of this city who are spending the summer vacation here and in this vicinity. Reserved seats will be on sale at Dodge's jewelry store. Further particulars will be given next week.

THE ANNUAL AUGUST RACES.—August 2, 3, 4 and 5, Tuesday to Friday, inclusive, are the dates fixed for the third annual meeting of the Ypsilanti Horse Association. Jackson and Marshall are the other cities of the circuit, and meetings will be held in these cities in the two weeks following the races here. Ypsilanti being fortunate in securing the first meeting. The association here is connected with the American Trotting Association, of which D. J. Campau of Detroit, was the principal organizer, and which now has a list of 180 associations under its auspices. The officers of the Ypsilanti Association are, President, Joe Sanders; R. W. Hemphill, Treasurer; C. L. Yost, Secretary.

THE COUNCIL'S DECISION.—The electric light matter has been settled at last, so far as the City Council is concerned, a vote of nine to one, last Tuesday evening, giving the contract to the Jenny Electric Light Co. of Indianapolis. Ald. Deubel and Foerster were in favor of accepting the bid of the Western Electric Light Co. of Chicago. There were two bids lower than that of the Jenny Company, which was \$10,875—the Western Company's bid being \$9,400, and the Port Wayne Company's, \$9,600. The contract with the Jenny Company will call for five towers, besides the fifty arm lights. A remonstrance against any immediate action in the electric light matter, signed by fifty-nine citizens, was laid on the table.

THE BICYCLERS ARE COMING.—Ypsilanti will be invaded by the Michigan Division of Bicyclers to-morrow (Friday) afternoon, this city being in the line of the twenty-eight mile run, from Ann Arbor by way of Saline. The Division holds its first day's session, Friday, in Ann Arbor and the next day goes to Detroit, starting from Ann Arbor about seven o'clock Saturday morning. The trick riding of the first day, to occur at 3:10 in the afternoon, will probably take place in this city. A large number of wheelmen are expected to attend the meet, and the entire gang will probably accompany their representative runners. Three wheelmen from each club will participate in the races to and from this city.

A MOOREVILLE MAN'S MISFORTUNE.—Verne Bruner of Mooreville was in the city last Friday, and thereby hangs a tale. Bruner loves to talk horse, and, like most horsemen, he has a very high opinion of his own judgment in the matter of horses, and a poor opinion of the judgment of others. His principal topic of conversation Friday last was a phenomenal 3-year-old trotter owned near Mooreville, which he was positive could trot a mile in three minutes. An Ypsilanti horseman suggested that Verne might be mistaken in the speed of the colt, and the result of the suggestion was a wager of \$50, the bet to be decided by a trial of the speed of the colt near Lake Ridge, forthwith.

Four Ypsilanti horsemen accompanied Bruner to Mooreville, and after arriving there it was learned that the proposed trial of speed could not take place—the wonderful colt could not be secured, for some reason. The full amount of money represented in the wager, had been placed in the hands of a stakeholder and the stipulations were such that it was paid to the Ypsilanti man, upon Bruner's failure to produce the colt. Bruner was sorry, and said so, and said more; but the Ypsilanti men kept the stakes.

The largest and most enthusiastic and business-like meeting of the Ypsilanti Citizens' Association yet held was that at the First National Bank last Tuesday evening. About thirty prominent and active business and professional men were present, and the interest manifested was such as to indicate a willingness and desire to work together for the good of the city, such as has not heretofore been manifested.

Mrs. J. L. Francis received a telegram from Hornellsville, N. Y., last Sunday, informing her of the death of her father, who had been accidentally killed, the exact manner of his death not being stated in the telegram.

The Day We Celebrate.
A Harmless Observation in Ypsilanti, but the Usual Horrible Harvest of Deaths, Accidents and Property Destruction Throughout the Country.

The peculiar form of celebration which in the present day and generation especially attaches itself to the fourth of July, shooting fire crackers, sending up sky rockets and balloons, and utilizing everything in the way of explosives that the ingenuity of men has been able to provide, has been spasmodically indulged in during the past week in this city, and culminated Monday, in a roar and a bang and fizz from daylight until midnight.

The enterprise and liberality of the eastside merchants and business men provided a very creditable display of fireworks for the depot section of the city Saturday night, which was witnessed by hundreds of people from all sections of the city and country, but aside from that the celebration here was entirely a matter of private enterprise and personal choice.

The Fourth was generally observed as a day of rest by those who remained in the city, but little business being done except by the restaurants and dealers in fireworks. The base ball games at Detroit drew all the lovers of the national game, from this city and the various other attractions in Detroit and elsewhere, together with society picnics and private pleasure parties, reduced the population of the town to about one-third its usual proportions.

No accidents of a serious nature occurred here during the day.

A picnic under the auspices of the Sons of Temperance was held in Arnold's woods, and another near the residence of Mr. Chas. Howlett, south of the city, both of which were attended for the greater part by Ypsilantians.

The harvest of accidents and loss of life and property brought about directly and indirectly through the American method of rejoicing over their long-ago asserted independence, was unusually large this year. In Detroit the list of accidents was fair to medium, several hands and fingers being shot off, but up to the present time no death has been announced.

Two young men, Carl Snedcor and Robert Reed were killed at Ithaca, Mich., through the bursting of a bundle of fire-rockets. Four other persons were more or less injured.

Elisha Meacham was killed at Columbus, Ohio, while marching in a Knight of Labor parade, through the bursting of a cannon made of gas pipe.

Four young men and three small boys were fatally injured at Chicago, by a premature explosion, and the list of toy pistol accidents was larger than ever before, many of which will probably prove fatal in time. Forty alarms of fire were reported from 9 a. m. to midnight.

Four men were seriously injured at Watertown, N. J., by the accidental explosion of fireworks which had been collected for a grand display.

The town of Clarendon, Pa., was entirely destroyed by fire, and one man cremated, through a blaze originating from the careless use of fireworks. The immense oil tanks built near the town were fired, and their bursting caused the lowlands of the vicinity to be covered with liquid fire. The property loss will reach \$500,000.

A malt house was burned at Cincinnati, causing the death of two men, and a loss of \$100,000. The falling of a blazing sky-rocket in the tower of the building caused the fire.

The largest coopers establishment in the west was burned at St. Louis, by fireworks, the loss being not less than \$100,000.

A boy, named Joseph Gibbons, whose home is in Charlotte had his left leg blown off, below the knee, by the bursting of an anvil at Portland, Mich.

The ten-year old son of John Witbeck of Jackson, Mich., was shot through the abdomen, by a toy cannon. It is expected that he will die.

The bursting of a cannon at Gratiot killed a Mr. Mills and severely injured several others.

At North Branch, this state, a grand stand gave way, precipitating about 200 people to the ground, fatally injuring two women.

We could fill another column with "incidents" of the "day we celebrate," but have given a report sufficiently full to show that the spirit of patriotism is not dying out. The dead will be buried, the wounded cared for, burned buildings replaced, and when in the course of time another Fourth of July comes along, it will be greeted with a whoop and a yell, the booming of cannon and the flying of flags, and take its departure accompanied by wails of distress for the dead it will leave behind, means of anguish from the wounded and life-long cripples it will create, and general regret for the afflictions of the few and the great property losses sustained. Intelligent and progressive people, we, Christianized, highly civilized, and all that; but we sincerely hope the benighted heathen on the other side of the globe may not learn of our peculiar manner of celebrating an event supposed to bring gladness. They might not treat our missionaries, whom we send to instruct and civilize them, with that degree of respect and reverence due to the representatives of a superior and enlightened people.

The union services will be held at the Presbyterian church next Sunday evening, the sermon to be delivered by the Rev. Mr. Fairfield.

Personal.

Mrs. N. Higley is visiting at St. Clair.
Durand Springer spent the Fourth in Manchester.

Miss Avonia Damon spent the Fourth with friends at Chesaning.
Miss Rena Bowling returned Saturday from a two weeks visit at Columbus, Ohio.

C. Cornwell and family are enjoying their annual summer sojourn at Martha's Vineyard.

Angus McFarlane, of the Michigan Central, is now enjoying a two-week's vacation with his family here.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Forbes and little boy spent the Fourth with the former's parents in Detroit.

Mrs. Fritz Gleim, formerly Miss Mollie Bassett, of Johnstown, Pa., is visiting her parents and many friends here. Eddie Bogardus, now of Chicago, spent the Fourth here, visiting his mother and large circle of friends.

Mrs. John Taylor left for Cleveland Thursday last, where she will remain during the present month, visiting her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Bowling, of Chicago, spent several days of the past week, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Bowling.

Mr. Walter Williams of Salina, Kansas, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Williams, is visiting home and friends this week.

Miss Isadore Thompson of East Saginaw spent several days of the past week here, the guest of her friend, Miss Susie Lamb.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Champion spent the Fourth with relatives and friends in Detroit.

Fred C. Andrews and wife, of Detroit, spent the Fourth here, with Mrs. Andrews' parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Bowling.

Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Ayers, of Mill street, are delighted over the addition of a bright baby boy to their family.

Bert Cornwell returned last week from a visit to St. Paul, Minneapolis and other western and northwestern cities.

Luther Mason of this city was married, Tuesday evening of last week, to Miss Lydia Hood, of Plymouth, at the residence of the bride's parents.

Misses Lucy and Dolly Bontelle, of Detroit, and Miss Anna E. Fehlig, of Belleville, are the guests of Miss Emma Schrader.

We are indebted to our absent friend, William Lambie, for some sprays of hawthorn leaves and blossoms from the banks of the bonnie Doon.

Miss Jennie Moore, of the Bazerette, spent the greater part of last week in Manchester, visiting friends and relations and attending the annual reunion of the Manchester high school alumni.

Miss Amy Stebbins and Mr. Leslie Metcalf of Cleveland spent the Fourth in this city, the guests of their cousin, Miss Cornie Howland.

Prof. Strong of the Normal delivered an address before the graduating class of the Caro high school, Friday evening of last week, his topic being, "Some Elements of a Rational Education."

Miss Bertha E. Draper, who has been teaching in the Torrey district, near Oakville, is spending her vacation here with her parents. She has accepted the same school for another term.

James Smith of Brainerd, Minn., a conductor on the Northern Pacific railroad, and his brothers, William and George Smith, all former Ypsilantians, have been visiting here during the past week.

Charles Moore, of the Detroit Journal, formerly publisher of the Commercial of this city, was a caller at our office Saturday last. Charley is an ambitious journalist and is already far advanced in the line of his ambitions.

The Rev. M. W. Fairfield has been attending a family reunion at Troy, O., during the past week. His pulpit, last Sunday morning, was filled by Mr. E. S. Shaw, who read an excellent sermon.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Vail and family spent Sunday and the Fourth with relatives in Detroit. Mr. Vail returned home Tuesday, Mrs. Vail and the children remaining in the metropolis.

Hon. E. P. Allen was in Adrian Saturday, acting as a member of a G. A. R. committee to make arrangements for the encampment to be held there next month, under the auspices of the Southeastern G. A. R. Association.

A married daughter of Rev. G. L. Foster, who was pastor of the Presbyterian church of this city many years ago, formerly known here as Miss Sarah Foster, is visiting with Prof. and Mrs. Barbour.

Mr. Henry O'Connor and Miss Louise Egnoff were married at St. John's church this morning. The bride and groom are both well-known and popular in this city, and the wishes for their happiness and prosperity are as general as is their acquaintance.

The official inspection of Company H. last Saturday afternoon and evening, by Inspector General Newberry, passed off successfully, to the satisfaction of the Inspector and the relief of Capt. Hyzer and his boys. The state encampment commences August 3.

Prof. J. C. McClenahan of Columbus, has accepted the position of Principal of the commercial department of Cleary's Business College. Prof. McClenahan is a noted instructor and is a valuable addition to the Business College faculty.

Miss Ellen Foster, daughter of Mrs. John Foster of Clarenceville, P. Q.,

formerly of Ypsilanti, is here for a two weeks' visit, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Dr. Post. Miss Ellen has been a teacher in the schools of Sioux City, Iowa, during the past four years, and will occupy the same position next year.

Mr. J. E. Beal, of the Ann Arbor Courier, an enthusiastic bicyclist and a genial gentleman generally, was in town Tuesday looking over the race-track of the Michigan bicyclists, whose meet is elsewhere referred to. The team race, Mr. Beal informed us, from Ypsilanti to Ann Arbor, would be started from in front of the Hawkins House.

An item of information, somewhat belated perhaps, but that will none the less be received with pleasure by the many friends here of the parties most concerned, is that of the marriage of Mr. Richard W. Guise and Miss Edie Chamberlain, which occurred at Brooklyn, N. Y., in September last. Mr. and Mrs. Guise are both members of the Carleton Opera Company and are spending their summer vacation in this city and Detroit.

Mayor Cornwell and wife left for Martha's Vineyard, Monday last, where they will make as extended a visit as the active, restless spirit of our industrious Mayor will permit him to enjoy.

A party from Ypsilanti consisting of Chas. E. Samson and family, with their guests, Edith Fleming, Belle Place, Minnie Samson, Alice Cook, James Gifford and Henry Samson, are having a jolly time at Devils Lake.

At the residence of the bride's father, Mr. John Boyce, on Washington street, Tuesday last, July 5, occurred the marriage of Mr. W. H. Webster to Miss Priscilla V. Boyce, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Dr. McCorkle.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. B. Still have been advanced to the rank of grandparents, a bright little baby having been born to their daughter and son-in-law of Detroit, one day last week.

More Mention.

Prof. Pease was elected President of the State Music Teacher's Association for another year, at the Jackson meeting which adjourned last Friday. The next meeting will be held at Kalamazoo.

There will be a meeting of the Knights of Macabees for the election of officers, Wednesday evening, July 13. All members whose lives are fully insured are ordered to report for the demands of the occasion.

The game of base ball played at the fair grounds last Saturday afternoon, between the Ypsilanti and Belleville clubs, resulted in a victory for the latter club, the score standing 12 to 10 in their favor.

Among the deputy oil inspectors recently appointed by Mr. Platt, the new State Inspector, is Robert Pelham of Detroit, an intelligent young colored man, editor of the Plaindealer, the organ of the colored people of Michigan.

The summer theatrical season will be opened at the Opera House Tuesday evening of next week, July 12, when a grand spectacular play, combined with bright comedy, will be presented.

A full-stocked well kept grocery store is as attractive to a man as a millinery store is to a woman, and that is why Graves' grocery is so well patronized by both sexes. Graves is always up with the season in luxuries and fruits, keeps the best of everything in the way of groceries, and his prices are always at the bottom.

The annual farmers' picnic at Whitmore Lake will be held August 20 this year, and the principal address of the occasion will be delivered by Gov. Luce. A special invitation is extended to Ann Arbor people, and every effort will be made to protect them from harm and impertinence. Coals of fire, you see.

Owing to their largely increased business in the east, the Ypsilanti Dress Stay Company have established an eastern depot in New York and their goods will in the future be distributed throughout the eastern states from that point. They have also increased their force of employees at the factory here, and are now giving employment to 115 girls.

A straggler from some Salvation Army corps mounted a box on the corner of Congress and Huron streets, last Saturday evening, and exhorted the throng that gathered round him to seek salvation. He had an intelligent appearing face, and endured the abuse and insolence of some drunken rowdies of the crowd with the forbearance of a martyr.

The Michigan Central railroad authorities have finally backed down, and will hereafter sell traveling men and manufacturers whose business keeps them on the road most of the time, 1,000-mile tickets for \$20. The Central's very transparent pretence that the interstate law prevented them from making such a reduction to traveling men was an illustration of railroad avarice that was unworthy of Mr. Ledyard and his high-toned associates.

The ninetieth birthday anniversary of Mrs. Amanda Judd, was celebrated last Saturday at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. S. S. Clark, on Congress street. Mrs. Judd was born in New York and has been a resident of Ypsilanti for twenty-seven years. A large number of the friends and relatives of Mrs. Judd assisted in making the anniversary a pleasant one, among those present being three daughters of Mrs. Judd, four granddaughters and four great-granddaughters—an unusual representation in the female line.

The Harvest of Death.

Communicated.
LAMBERT A. BARNES.

When the message flashed over the wire last Thursday afternoon that Mr. Lambert A. Barnes had passed suddenly away, at the Detroit Sanitarium, it seemed incredible. And even now after having borne him to the cemetery and laid him away it is impossible to realize that we shall neither see him again, hear his cheery voice, nor feel the warm clasp of his hand. While the friends have a certain shrinking from laying bare in any eulogy the private life and tender memories which are sacred, and of applauding his public activities, yet it seems fitting that certain respect should be shown the memory of a man who held so high a position and was so identified with people at large, and also that those who have known him and learned to love, admire and respect him, and who were so deeply shocked at his death, should give some expression to their feelings.

He had been suffering from trouble with his left lower jaw for some time, and, following the advice of Dr. McLean, went to Detroit June 18 and submitted to the removal of a part of the bone. No serious trouble was anticipated, and up to Wednesday night his relatives had no other expectation than his speedy recovery. On Wednesday night, however, symptoms which had hinted of pyæmia made alarming development, and Thursday morning Mr. Barnes became unconscious, continuing so until his death.

Mr. Barnes was born in Connecticut in 1826 and lived there with his parents, enjoying the privileges of a village school during the earlier days of his boyhood, until he moved with his parents to Catskill-on-Hudson, where he resided until early manhood. His first business life was spent at Huntington and Chickpea, Mass. In 1855 or 1859 he came to Michigan as overseer of a new paper mill which had been recently erected by Chapin & Wood, at Geddesburg, and while employed there, met Miss Jane Geddes, whom he married three or four years subsequent to his arrival. After three years of active life at Geddesburg, Mr. Barnes established a paper store at 118 Jefferson avenue, and carried on business there under the firm name of Cornwell & Barnes until the close of the war, when he took up his residence in this city, removing from the Geddes farm where he had resided during his Detroit venture, and became president and heavy stockholder in the Peninsular paper company, which operated a mill built here in '62 and built a new one at the time of his coming. Since then he has continued in the same office.

Mr. Barnes has been a public-spirited man all his life and a person of keen sympathy with the distressed. He has held various municipal trusts, being three times mayor of Ypsilanti, and at the time of his death a member of the Presbyterian church, President of the Board of Education and Vice-president of the First National bank.

To those who stand upon the brink of the grave and watch the form of their beloved lowered quietly to its silent resting place, amidst the depth of grief, and though the heart be breaking with its burden of sorrow, it is a sweet consolation to know that there is left behind no tarnished name, no remembrance of clouded character, no hoping against hope, but only memories of loving unselfishness, unquestioned uprightness, purity and nobility of character, "a good name," too precious to be valued—and above all, the bright hope that as he passed lightly "through the valley of the shadow of death" and was ushered into the presence of his Redeemer, he leaned upon "the rod and the staff" of the Eternal One who "comforted him," and that he dwells in that presence "to go no more out forever."

WORGER GEORGE.

Worger George, a resident of this city for more than twenty years, a member of the city council from the fourth ward for two years, vestryman of St. Luke's church for several years, and a man prominent and active in other associations and business matters, died at his residence on River Street, last Friday afternoon, July 1. Mr. George was born at Westerham, Kent, England, and was 47 years of age. He was an affectionate husband, a kind father, and his last parting from those who loved him and whom he loved, was a sad but not hopeless one. He had many friends outside his family in this, his long-time home, who sincerely mourn his death.

The funeral of Mr. William R. Post, whose death was announced last week, occurred at St. Luke's church, Saturday evening, Bishop Harris officiating. Mr. Post had been a resident of this city since 1853, and was respected and esteemed by all who knew him.

Died, in Augusta, July 3d, of scarlet fever, Emma L., youngest child of J. K. and E. A. Campbell in the third year of her age.

Across the churchyard's hallowed ground, Holding my darling's hand, I trod, On every side some little mound Told of young souls called home to God.

I clasped my child with sudden fear, And thought, what empty arms must ache, What eyes grow dim with bitter tears, Above their graves for love's dear sake. Divinely, then, it seemed to me, With lifted face serene and fair, She said, "How lovely Heaven must be With all those little children there."

Miss Clara Dole is visiting with relatives and friends at Napoleon, Mich. Mr. W. H. Davenport of Saline was a visitor in the city to-day.

Don't pay attention to all the fool
advice you read in the papers.—*Judge.*

"My dear, if you don't quit annoying me, I—I shall really have to move to Mexico," said a Washington man to his wife the other day. "What good would that do, I'd like to know?" "There is a law there compelling males, and males only, to wear pants loons."—*Washington Critic.*

more backbone. What is the Church of God that it should not fear to look in the eye any transgression? There is the Bengal tiger of drunkenness that prowls around, and instead of attacking it, how many of us hide under the church pew or the communion

heaven. Now his last hour has come and he resolves that he will leap that chasm, from the heights of earth to the heights of heaven. Stand back now and give him full swing, for no soul ever did that successfully. Let him try. Jump, jump! He misses the mark and goes down, depth below depth, "destroyed without remedy. Men! angels! devils! what shall we call that place of awful catastrophe? Let it be known forever as the "Sinner's Death Leap."

but sounding back from the warm
heart of angels, flying with the news;
for there is joy among the angels of

rian blood gave the result of this crossing the large head and short ears, as well as size, and the strain from the hound gave the animals the sharp scent which enabled them to follow a trail after its making. These dogs were ferocious, while the true bloodhound is anything but that. The dogs seen running in the streets here which are called bloodhounds come from the stock used for the purpose described in the South, but are not so well bred. They are more of a cur as a general thing. A thoroughbred bloodhound is one of the noblest of dogs that lives. He is a large, heavy-boned animal, with long ears and a broad, pleasant face, with brown eyes, which, on account of the red always showing, are considered by people who do not know better an indication of savageness. The bloodhound is a dog much misrepresented. He has a bad reputation which is not his. He is a kind dog, and was given him by persons who knew not what they were talking about.—*Rochester Union.*

Special and satisfactory rates to excursion parties
Your patronage is respectfully solicited.


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Proprietors.

"COMPOUND OXYGEN—Its Mode of Action and Results," is the title of a new brochure of two hundred pages, published by Drs. Starkey & Palen, which gives to all Inquirers full information as to this remarkable curative agent and a record of several hundred surprising cures in a wide range of chronic cases—many of them after being abandoned to die by other physicians. Also "COMPOUND OXYGEN—Its Origin and Development," an interesting book of one hundred pages. Both or either will be mailed free to any address on application. Read the brochure.

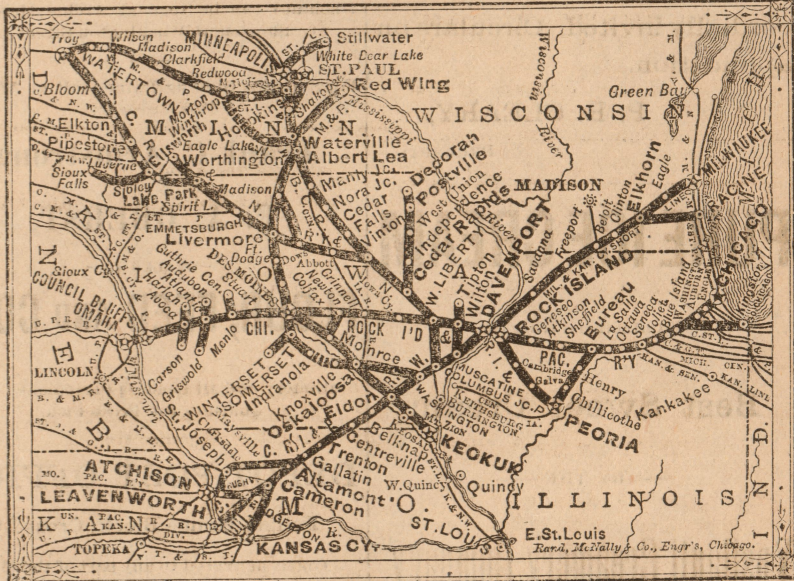
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Best in the World.

COTTAGE FURNISHED <u>complete</u> FOR \$178.21	
JAMES NALL & CO.	
WE AGREE to furnish complete a 7 Room Cottage, consisting of Parlor, Sitting Room, Hall, 2 Bed Rooms, Dining Room & Kitchen, with Carpets, Furniture and Wall Paper, the same for \$178.21.	
CARPETS.	
Parlor 13-3x12 with good 5 frame Body Brussels.....	\$15.00
Sitting Room 12x15 with good heavy Ingrain.....	6.00
Hall 6x11 with good all Wool Tapestry Brussels.....	3.00
Dining Room 8x12 with good Ingrain.....	3.00
Bed Room 12x15 with better Ingrain.....	7.00
Bed Room 8x12 with Mosaic Carpet, very heavy.....	4.80
Kitchen 12x15 with good Oil Cloth.....	5.00
	\$45.80
FURNITURE.	
Parlor with 1 elegant 7 piece Parlor Suit, worth \$60.00.....	\$60.00
Sitting Room, 1 Sofa, 1 Rocker, 1 Centre Table, 4 Cane Chairs.....	13.00
Hall, 1 Good Hall Tree.....	6.50
Bed Room, Elegant Ash Suite, former price \$40.00.....	24.00
Bed Room, with an 8 piece Suffle.....	20.00
Dining Room, 1 Extension Table 6 ft. and 6 Oak Chairs.....	7.50
Kitchen, 1 table and 4 Good 1 Chairs.....	8.75
	\$115.15
WALL PAPERS.	
We will agree to paper this entire house, consisting of Gilt in Hall with handsome Fringe, Parlor in English Paper, other rooms in good heavy paper.....	
Carpets \$45.80, Furniture \$115.15, Wall Paper \$17.26 Complete \$178.21.	
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By reason of its central position, close relation to principal lines East of Chicago and continuous lines at terminal points West, Northwest and Southwest—in the only true middle-link in that transcontinental system which invites and facilitates travel and traffic in either direction between the Atlantic and Pacific—the Rock Island and its branches include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Okauchee, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Wilkesbar, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Galatin, Trenton, St. Joseph, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns and villages.

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Guarantees Speed, Comfort and Safety to those who travel over it. Its roadbed is thoroughly ballasted. Its track is of heavy steel. Its bridges are solid structures of stone and iron. Its route is so perfect as human skill can make experience proved valuable. Its practical operation is conservative and methodical—its discipline strict and exacting—its luxury of its passenger accommodations is unequalled in the West—unsurpassed in the world.

ALL EXPRESS TRAINS between Chicago and the Missouri River connect at comfortable DAY COACHES, magnificent PULLMAN PALACE PARLOR and SLEEPING CARS, elegant DINING CARS providing excellent meals, and—between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison and Kansas City—restful RECLINING CHAIR CARS.

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Is the direct, favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul. Over this route solid Fast Express Trains run daily to the summer resorts, picturesque localities and hunting and fishing grounds of Iowa and Minnesota. The rich wheat fields and grazing lands of interior Dakota are reached via Watertown. A short desirable route, via Seneca and Kanabek, offers superior inducements to travelers between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, St. Paul and intermediate points.

All classes of patrons, especially families, ladies and children, receive from officials and employees of Rock Island trains protection, respectful courtesy and kindly attention.

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MICHIGAN.

Condensed Reports of the Latest News from all Parts of the State.

Latest from Lansing.

The Senate on the 22d passed the House bill amending the laws relative to proceedings by and against public bodies; the House bill to provide for publishing the names and postoffice addresses of Michigan ex-soldiers, sailors and marines; the Senate bill amending the act to provide for the appointment of a commissioner for mining statistics; the House bill to provide for the incorporation of local mining associations; the Senate bill to amend the act of 1881 to authorize and regulate the business of plate-glass, accident, live-stock, steam-boiler insurance; for the punishment of fraudulent debtors; to amend laws requiring fast freight lines and other such institutions doing business on railroads of which they are not owners to pay tax upon the gross receipts. The Senate did not concur in the university appropriation, and insisted upon amendments to the Bates liquor bill. Adjourned.

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The expiring hours of both branches have been largely given up to packing and presentations. Speaker Markey was the recipient of an elegant silver service, and President pro tem of Senate Monroe a massive gold-headed cane. A large amount of business has been transacted. Among the most important was the Rogers bill, a copy of the Inter-State Commerce bill, but the long and short haul clause was stricken out. The Senate failed to pass the bill to prohibit the sale of tobacco to minors and ministers of the gospel, and passed the House bill to tax sleeping car and car loaning companies upon their gross receipts. The bill appropriating \$1,000,000 for current State expenses, and all other appropriation bills passed.

In the House on the 22d bills were passed to prohibit the renewal of contracts for convict labor in the institutions of the State, and the use of other machinery in manufactures than hand and foot power; to provide for the taxing of real estate mortgages; to provide for the record of real estate mortgages in separate books. The House amended the Senate new university appropriation bill by reducing the amount for the laboratory to \$35,000. In this change it passed the House, and it is now the object to be of proportions satisfactory to the Governor. The business of the Senate has been nearly all of a local character.

The proposed amendment to grant suffrage to women was killed in the House on the 23d. The following were passed: Bill raising the salary of the Insurance Commissioner to \$2,000; to abolish the board of assessors in the city of Detroit, and substitute therefor a single assessor. The general purity of election bill failed to pass the Senate—14 to 12. The Senate bill raising the salary of private secretary to the Auditor General to \$1,600; the Cole bill to prevent combinations in insurance rates, to take effect Jan. 31, 1888; to protect fish and regulate fishing in waters of the State; for the better enforcement of mechanics' liens. The House passed the Mining School Building appropriation bill of \$75,000. Adjourned.

The House refused to consider the Rogers railroad bill after the Senate had stricken out the long and short haul clause and it was tabled. The House also refused to take from the table the bill to repeal the act making standard time legal time. The Senate bill to provide for cleansing the statutes of obsolete laws failed in the House. \$500 was appropriated for the expenses of the Governor and Justices of the Supreme Court at the centennial celebration at Philadelphia in September, this year. The House passed a resolution forfeiting the Marquette, Houghton and Ontonagon land grant.

STATE ITEMS.

Holly is fitting up a nice ten-acre park.

Lenoi's cherry crop is a failure this year.

Diphtheria has again broken out in St. Ignace.

Clarksville parties are talking of starting a paper.

Menominee's Catholic fair, recently closed, netted \$3,000.

An East Saginaw woman was arrested and fined \$3 for fast driving.

Forest fires are again doing a great deal of damage in Clare county.

A blast furnace at Elk Rapids has been in continual use since 1873.

The name of W. H. Benedict, a grocer at Cassville, on the list of recent failures.

Green & Sons' planing mill at Manton, near Cadillac, burned. Loss, \$5,000; no insurance.

Manistique who are obliged to go 25 and 30 miles for their mail matter. They are disposed to kick about it.

Henry H. Brown, one of the most energetic, generous, and prominent citizens of Battle Creek, died lately, aged 67 years. He was a learned lawyer.

William A. Roberts, agent for the American Express Company at Lincoln, attempted suicide by morphine. The cause was financial trouble. He is married and aged 25.

The new Lieutenant Governor of Michigan, James H. Macdonald, gets an income of \$10,000 a year from a single mining investment in the Gogebic range, which cost him less than \$350.

Two more forgeries committed by the absconded Judge Follett, of Grand Rapids, were discovered. A farmer who refuses to give his name holds \$300 signed E. F. Uhl. The Billsboro heirs find they are out \$450.

Perry, Shiawassee county, will not celebrate the Fourth this year, but the citizens have inaugurated a boom in grading streets and leveling walks. Several new houses have also been built this spring and more are in process of erection.

The City Council of Clinton has ordered plans and specifications drawn for supplying the city with a system of water-works. The first outlay will be not less than \$20,000, which will only supply the business part of the town. Work is expected to be begun at an early day.

The legislature having refused to appropriate any money to help support the Jackson fire department, at the next session of the council Ald. Carroll will introduce a resolution directing the fire commissioners to notify the chief of the fire department to pay no attention hereafter to fire alarms coming from the prison.

In the supreme court at Lansing Tuesday the resolutions adopted by the bar of Kalamazoo county on the death of Hon. Charles E. Stuart, of Kalamazoo, were presented to the court by Hon. Charles S. May, in an eloquent and able address. Remarks were also made by the court, and the resolutions made a part of the court records.

At Corunna some days ago John Abbott married the daughter of a miner named Craig. Her father opposed the match. Several quarrels resulted, and while the old man was passing their house, Abbott and his wife rushed out and assaulted him with a club and pitchfork, fatally stabbing him. The couple have been arrested.

At Kingsley as N. Shattuck and a friend while driving to town, were stopped on the road by a man named Walter Deyoe, who caught the horses by the head. Shattuck struck the man with his whip to urge them forward, but Deyoe hung on to them. Shattuck then drew his revolver and shot Deyoe just below the heart. His recovery is doubtful.

A Detroit Special says Detroit manufacturers are much interested in the discovery of oil and natural gas in the Lower Peninsula. The natural gas struck at Port Huron has led to several firms considering the advisability of removing their manufacturing plants there to reap the benefit of the cheap fuel. An estimate is being prepared of the cost of piping oil to Detroit from the Ohio field.

At Jackson Mrs. William P. Heaton, wife of the editor of the *Daily Courier*, and her sister publicly horse-whipped Sidney Corbett, a newspaper reporter. Mrs. Heaton alleges that Corbett procured the publication of a scandalous story implicating her in a sensational Detroit Sunday paper. Her sister wrenched a cane from the reporter and both belabored him. The man is seriously injured.

Counterfeit dollars have lately gained extensive circulation in Adrian, and the efforts of the officers have resulted in the arrest of Theodore Packard, Henry Winters, Charles Jordan and Henry Jordan. The latter are brothers, and on their premises in Jasper, a village near Adrian, were found bogus money and a counterfeit plant. The gang is believed to have had extensive ramifications, and other arrests are expected.

There are fears that the Michigan Car-Works, covering forty-one acres of ground and employing 2,750 men, affording support to nearly 14,000 persons, will be removed from Detroit. Numerous cities have offered tempting inducements in their efforts to secure the works. Baltimore has been especially generous and enterprising in this respect. Wyandotte, a manufacturing town up the river from Detroit, also aims to get possession of the shops and has been making strenuous efforts in that direction. George Paine, of Wyandotte, bought 440 acres of land adjoining 200 of his own, and immediately went to James McMillan offering him the 640 acres on very favorable terms as a special inducement to the removal of the shops. Mr. McMillan says this offer has been declined, but the constantly increasing offers and splendid inducements for the works to move excite uneasiness.

Longfellow Remodeled.

"Yes, children," said Mr. De Baggs, addressing a St. Louis Sunday-school, "yes, children, wrongdoing is always punished, either in this world or in the next. Retribution may be long in coming, but it is sure to come at last. You, yourselves, when you grow older in years and experience, will learn how true the lines of Shakespeare:

"The mills of the gods grind slowly, But they get there just the same."

—*Boston Journal of Education.*

Missing a Point.

"You men are so lucky," a fair maiden said, "Discussing the question of dress; You're never burdened with petticoats, or corsets, or shawls."

Which to us are a source of distress."

"Yes, I know, said the youth, who waiting had been

An argument ready to seize: "What you've said is all true, yet there's one point you miss— Your pants never bag at the knees."

—*Champion City Times.*

Misery Loves Company.

He (longingly)—"I have been hoping that you would in time come to regard me as your company." She (bashfully)—"Company! What do you mean by that?" He (courageously)—"Well, as your beau." She (blushing)—"Oh! That's what company means." He (smiling)—"Yes. And if you consider me as your company I should like to consider you as my misery." She (wonderingly)—"Your misery?" He (triumphantly)—"Yes; because, you know, misery loves company." She (demurely)—"I see. We'll admit, then, that you are company and I am misery. But don't you think misery a very disagreeable name for a girl, and that it ought to be changed, say, to company?" Then he popped. —*Boston Courier.*

HUMOROUS.

"The chinchilla eats the farmer's grain. The bee-moth spoils his honey. The bedbug fills him full of pain. The humbug scoops his money."

Teacher—"The wisest man that ever lived said: 'There is nothing new under the sun.' Little boy (enthusiastically)—But I'll bet they never had a baby at his house! —*New York Ledger.*

Mrs. De Bare—"Don't you think, dear, that there is more individuality in female dress now than formerly?" Mr. De Bare—"Yes, dear. There is less dress and more individual."

—*Texas Siftings.*

"What are you laughing at, my dear?" asked Mrs. Jones of her husband, who was chuckling over his newspaper. "Something I just struck here," he replied, "but it is hardly funny enough for two."

Omaha girl—"O! O!" Chicago girl—"What's the matter?" "That man over there?" "Yes, the brute." "Brute! I should say he was a brute. He didn't even look at me!" —*Omaha World.*

Omaha wife—"What has become of your friend, Fireator? Omaha husband—He is still doing editorial work, but is no longer able to hold a pen, and does all his writing by dictation. "Does he dictate to his daughter or his wife?" "To his daughter, of course." —*Omaha World.*

A Missouri girl waved her hand at a stranger and in three days they were married. It is not often that tribulation follows closely upon the wake of a naughtiness; but in this instance it will probably generally admitted that the punishment fits the crime. —*Boston Transcript.*

Tommy—"Does your mother allow you to kiss the nurse girl?" Johnny—"O, I guess she don't care. Does yours?" Tommy—"No, but you'd a died to hear her down the law to pa when he saw him do it one day, an' she lets him do lots of things she wouldn't let me." —*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Court officer (to Queen Victoria)—There's an Americaner gent houside as what wants to see your Majesty. The Queen—It's Mr. Phelps, I suppose. Tell him I've gone over to the Tower to see if the Kohinoor is all right. Court officer—It's not Mr. Phelps; it's Buffalo Bill. The Queen—O, show him in at once. —*New York Sun.*

The son of a butcher had great difficulty in fractions, although his teacher did his very best. "Now let us suppose," said the teacher, "that a customer came to your father to buy five pounds of meat, and your father had only four pounds to sell—what would he do?" "Keep his hand on the meat while he was weighing it," was the candid answer. —*Philadelphia Call.*

"I don't see how you can think of all these interesting things to write about," said a subscriber to the editor of a country weekly, whose paper is zinc-plated on all four sides. "Don't you get tired sometimes mentally?" "Oh, yes, of course, replied the editor, assuming a careworn look, but to a man who loves his profession as I love mine mere mental weariness is nothing. —*Exchange.*

Miss Gushington—Do you go to the mountains or the shore this summer, Mr. Fogg? Fogg—Well, really I haven't thought much about it, but I shall most likely go to the mountains as usual. Miss Gushington—Oh, I should think you'd rather go to the beach. Do you know that I think the sea-beach is perfect paradise? Fogg—Yes, the style of dressing at the beach does remind one of the old fashions prevalent in Paradise. —*Boston Transcript.*

Both Enjoyed It.

"You went out too soon," said a wife to her husband at a recent concert. "Patti responded to a third encore, and sang 'Coming Thro' the Rye.' It was simply divine. I fairly drank it in."

"So did I," he answered, softly, with a slight suspicion of a hicough; "and I can taste it yet." —*Puck.*

He hadn't Any Alias.

A newly-appointed policeman in New York arrested a Texan the other night for disturbance. On the way to the lockup someone asked him: "Has that Texan got an alias?" "No," said the policeman, "he has only got a durringer in his hip-pocket. I searched him, thinking he might have an alias concealed somewhere to stab a feller with, but he hasn't."

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An argument ready to seize: "What you've said is all true, yet there's one point you miss— Your pants never bag at the knees."

—*Champion City Times.*

Operates in Back Numbers.

Nearly everyone in New York has heard of "Back Number" Budd, who puts away every day fifty copies of each New York newspaper to sell them to customers years hence at 500 to 5,000 per cent. profit. It is reported that he once received \$700 for a single newspaper. Recently he was called upon by some Kansas men, among whom was Senator Ingalls, who asked his assistance in procuring a complete file of *The Leavenworth Journal* for the two years that it was under the management of John Henderson, during the agitation that resulted in the Leocompton constitutional convention and the establishing of Kansas as a free State. The file was desired for the Kansas Historical society, and they were willing to pay \$10,000 for it. —*New York Tribune.*

He Missed One Strong Point.

There was an amusing incident at the union meeting of the Presbyterian churches last evening. Charles G. Brundage prefaced his remarks by saying that through association one learns to imitate what others do, and though he had been sitting in the pulpit but an hour with clergymen he was inclined to follow their example and preach an old sermon. Then the Rev. Dr. Green, when it came his turn to speak, got up and gave the whole clerical game away by saying that Mr. Brundage had missed one point—he should learn to preach an old sermon and say nothing about its antiquity, simply changing the text and trusting to the forgetfulness of the congregation not to recognize it. —*Buffalo Courier.*

One of every five we meet has some form of Heart Disease and is in constant danger of sudden death. Dr. KILMER'S OCEAN-WEED HEART REMEDY regulates, corrects and cures.

Price \$1.00—6 bottles \$5.00

Gold is reported to have been discovered in paying quantities in the Battle River, Canada.

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 bottle free by mail. Send to Dr. Kline, 157 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

There are now less than 700,000 slaves in the Empire of Brazil.

Safety from Malaria.

The most vigorous constitution, and the strongest physique, are not proof against a disease, the germs of which impregnate the air we breathe and the water we drink. The true preventive, the surest defense, is to fortify the system with a medicine which possesses specific virtues as a safeguard and remedy. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is precisely this article—proved by conclusive tests to be so.

Not only on this continent, wherever miasma gives birth to the malarial infection, but in the tropics, where fever and ague assumes its most malignant types, this incomparable, popular and deserving medicine has, for over a third of a century, shown its efficacy. Chills and fever, dumb ague, bilious remittent, all yield to its influence and are prevented by it. The word "Safe" has no place in the lexicon of possibilities when this peerless article is used. It tones the stomach, arouses the liver when sluggish, and promotes healthy action of the kidneys and bladder.

Nineteen million of the sixty million people in this land are members of churches.

Youthful Indulgence

in pernicious practices pursued in solitude, is a most startling cause of nervous and general debility, lack of self-confidence and will power, impaired memory, weakened manhood, and female weakness. Sufferers should address, with 10 cents in stamps, for large illustrated treatise, pointing out unfailing means of perfect cure. The World's Dispensary Medical Association, 654 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Two million postal cards are printed daily at present.

The Champion Oarsman of America, John Teemer, writes: "I have found St. Jacobs Oil of inestimable value." All Champion Oarsmen use it. Sold by Druggists and Dealers.

A Vermontite (Mich.) has a cat that catches snakes.

The Knights of Labor should not envy the man who has a million to care for. It is a greater hell than poverty, unless the old fellow takes Moxie.

The proposed new whisky "trust" will not include transactions at saloons.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Trade Mark

On Every Bottle

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On Every Bottle

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On Every Bottle

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On Every Bottle

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TRADE MARK

Col. E. C. Walker, Trotting Editor of the "Spirit of the Times," N. Y., and Genl Rufus Ingalls, Quartermaster General, U. S. A., both recommend St. Jacobs Oil as "worthwhile equal as a horse remedy." Price fifty cents.

The best bouquet for a base ball player is the one that goes into the base hit column.

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms, as general debility, loss of appetite, sweating, cough, prompt measures of relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs; therefore use the great anti-scorfulous or blood-purifier and strength restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to cod liver oil as a nutritive, and equal to it as a restorative. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on consumption, send 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 654 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

An eastern journal estimates the present population of the United States at nearly sixty-two millions.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Queen Victoria's favorite dish is tapioca pudding. She is a sturdy eater and a fair drinker of claret and red wines.

That Tired Feeling

The warm weather has a debilitating effect, especially upon those who are within doors most of the time. The peculiar, yet common, complaint known as "that tired feeling," is the result. This feeling can be entirely overcome by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives new life and strength to all the functions of the body.

"I could not sleep; had no appetite. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon began to sleep soundly; could get up without that tired, languid feeling, and my appetite improved." R. A. SANFORD, Kent, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

35 MEDALS AWARDED TO

DR. JACOB THOMPSON'S

SWAYNE'S OINTMENT

THE GREAT CURE FOR

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The Billows.

dyspeptic, constipated, should address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 654 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

A project for direct rail connection between St. Paul and Denver is said to be ripe for consummation.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is agreeable to use. It is not a liquid or a snuff.

Dom Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil, has sailed for Europe.

PATENTS Obtained for \$20 by R. B. MERRICK, Attorney, St. Louis, Mo. Advice free.

\$5 TO \$4 A DAY. Samples worth \$1.50. DR. J. C. HENRY, 111 N. Wabash, Chicago, Ill.

LADY Agents can make money with new, reliable, and profitable. Immediate success.

OPIMUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. C. HENRY, 111 N. Wabash, Chicago, Ill.

LADY Agents can make money with new, reliable, and profitable. Immediate success.

PENSIONS, Office's pay, bounty proceeds, etc., secured. Success in 2 years' practice. Success or no fee. Write for circulars and new laws. A. W. McDONALD & SON, Washington, D. C.

FITS STOPPED FREE

Insane Persons Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 bottle free by mail. Send to Dr. Kline, 157 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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The Ypsilantian.

THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1887.

It is reported that Allen G. Thurman has pronounced himself in favor of the renomination of President Cleveland. It can now be assumed as settled that Ohio will go into the democratic convention against Cleveland. Ohio democrats have a peculiar habit of throwing up their hats for the "Old Roman," as they had for applauding the sentiments of their old war horse, Durbin Ward, but since the John McLean and Allen O'Myers' regime has been in possession of the democratic wires in Ohio, the old leaders have been forced to accept applause as their only reward for service. The old red bandana falls to fire the Ohio democratic heart as in the days gone by.

We are not disposed to join in the united and prolonged howl of abuse that is going up from the republican press against President Cleveland for his expressed willingness to return the captured confederate battle flags. It would have been a mistake to have returned the flags, perhaps, but who can say that it would have been expressing more in action than John Sherman expressed in words on several occasions during his recent southern tour. We don't believe the southern people care whether the old flags are returned or not. While the fight was going on they were emblematical and precious, but we fail to see why they would now be considered desirable, representing as they would, only disastrous defeats and abandoned principles. Let us have peace.

RUSSIA, not content with revising the political geography of Asia, now proposes to revise its physical geography. The river Amoo or Amu, the ancient Oxus, which rises in the mountains of the Chinese border, runs west sixteen hundred miles and empties into the inland Arab Sea, four hundred miles east of the Caspian. According to the testimony of antiquity, the Oxus formerly ran to the Caspian Sea, and it is deemed practicable to divert the stream from its present course not far above its mouth and cause it to flow through its ancient traditional course to the Caspian. That would give Russia direct steam navigation to the heart of Asia, the scene of her longtime operations to match the prestige of England in the great continent. To turn the course of a mighty river like that would be a work almost equal to the proposed conversion of the desert of Sahara into an inland sea by cutting a channel from the Atlantic coast to where the surface of the desert is below the sea level.

THERE is no excuse for the existence of a political prohibition party in this state any longer. The law now gives to counties which want prohibition, and have the necessary majority to sustain it, the opportunity to have it. Those who favor prohibition should unite in sustaining this law, and not in efforts to build up a separate political party.—Hastings Banner.

If the Hastings Banner and other Michigan papers that are assisting in the growth of the prohibition party by snarling and kicking at it would change their methods they might succeed in making it apparent that there "is no excuse for the existence of the prohibition party." If the honest men who are now in sympathy with the prohibition party can be given reasonable, practical assurance that what they seek and desire in the way of prohibition is also sought and desired by the majority of the republican party, it is possible they may consent to work with them for a common end. There is no argument made or good to be gained by calling a man a crank, but there is good to be gained by reasoning together and by the cooperation of good men for good ends. We believe there are members of the prohibition party who are more interested in the destruction of the republican party than in the success of the prohibition policy, but they do not form the majority of that party, and it is immaterial whether they remain in it or join the party with which their sympathies are strongest. If you wish a man to accompany you, you must first tell him where you are going. If you do not wish him to accompany you, and if you do not desire to accompany him, it is none of your business where he puts in his time.

At Gettysburg, Saturday and Sunday last, was held a reunion of several of the Union regiments which participated in the memorable battle fought near the little town twenty-four years ago. The surviving members of Pickett's Confederate division, the division which made the daring advance against the stone wall which sheltered the Philadelphia brigade—a charge made by men as brave and heroic as ever faced a foe, and met by men as determined to die in defense of home and country as any of the histories or legends of war have ever named, were also there by invitation. How it thrills the heart and makes the blood flow fast to read of the brave men who proved to the world the degree of gallantry and heroism our country could produce. It matters little to us, to-day, that one hero was clad in the gray of the south and the other in the blue of the north, they were and are our countrymen, and we are proud to own them. We can forgive the wrong, as we ask to be forgiven the wrongs we may commit, and not less zealously need we guard and protect the right, while we extend to every hand now upholding the stars and stripes the cordial grasp of honest friendship, even though the hand we hold may in the distant past have been raised against our flag. We are weary of the quarrels of partisans who seek to hoist themselves to fame and position by attacking or defending the issues past and dead, and can no longer with patience listen to the meaningless pretense of superior patriotism from paltering politicians. Our personal loss was too great to ever permit of our forgetting the rebellion, its causes or its results. The sacrifice of a father's life in defense of the right, will make the

right ever sacred and dear to us, and the wrong that caused the sacrifice will never cease to seem wrong. But the right was triumphant and is throughout our land enthroned; the wrong was crushed, and only by the harmless tongues of dotards are its echoes kept resounding. We revere the memory of the dead heroes of Gettysburg, and we gladly extend our meed of honor to the living; and in no way can we better prove the degree of this honor than by following their splendid example of charity and forgiveness.

WHAT IS PROTOPLASM?

The word is from the Greek, meaning literally, *first form*. Webster defines it as "the viscid, nitrogenous material in vegetable cells, by which the process of nutrition, secretion and growth goes forward; the vital vegetable substance." The definition is too narrow, in limiting the substance to the vegetable kingdom. In Johnson's cyclopedia we find this clear and concise definition: "Animal bodies either consist of homogeneous substance, or of that [the same] substance disposed in tissues. These substances, whether homogeneous or exhibiting structure is chemically identical throughout the animal kingdom, and constitutes the living part of plants. It belongs to the class of protein compounds, and is called gelatin, albumen, fibrin, etc., or, regarded structurally, *protoplasm*." Protoplasm, then, by these definitions, is the basic material of all animal and vegetable organisms, the agent of the vital processes, and, etymologically, the first form of life. It can be seen, under the microscope, carrying forward the vital processes. To know that that can be seen, and to see it, are two very different things, as we realized recently when, through the courtesy of Mrs. Osband, we were permitted to observe it through one of the excellent instruments at the Normal School. We had known, as we know anything that we take on the authority of scientific investigators, that the eye can see the protoplasmic atoms doing their work in a living organism, building up the tissues in the processes of repair and growth; but we had had no such realization of the fact as the peep through the microscope gave.

The subject of experiment was one of the cilia, or minute hairs, from the stamen of a flower, which appeared under the glass like a pale green, transparent object wider than a man's finger. Irregularly disposed through it were several dark spots of circular form, probably globular, which were protoplasmic atoms, if we may use that term. The were all at rest, and appeared as large as peas. When they had recovered from the shock caused by detaching the hair and placing it in the instrument, we were told, they would resume their work. We had not long to wait. In two or three minutes, one commenced to move slowly in a right line, and then it increased its pace, and after some distance it changed direction obliquely until it reached the side of the hair, and stopped. It seemed to be distributing its substance in an almost transparent stream behind it, and was apparently slightly reduced in size. Then another and another moved, and sometimes two or three at once, the most of them keeping straight lines along the length of the hair. One approached another standing at rest directly in its path. Just before contact, it swerved around the obstacle to the same line on the other side, and proceeded without any halt.

Those things—creatures—whatever they may be—were building up the structure of that part of the plant, as all living structure is built up, and as they are seen to do in animal as well as in vegetable organisms. It is very plain that none of the definitions tell us what is protoplasm. Were those living creatures? How could they move? Matter cannot move itself—what moved them? Capillary attraction, one says; but how could capillary attraction cause those particles to move about in the tube of that vegetable hair erratically—now resting, now moving, now halting; now in one direction, now in another?

Mr. Herbert Spencer, we think it was, when protoplasm was discovered, thought the mystery of life had been solved; life had been traced to its hiding place, dissected, analyzed, seen; life was protoplasm and protoplasm was life—its "first form;" when the protoplasmic atoms act, the organism lives, and when they cease, it is dead; they permeate every tissue of the human body, rebuilding and keeping it in repair, and cause the particles of the brain to "move in a varied manner," as Haeckel phrases it, so as to produce the phenomena of consciousness. So man has no need of a soul, and of course has no soul. He is merely indebted to active protoplasm for his conscious life, and when the protoplasm ceases to act his conscious life ceases to be. These gentlemen who thus account for life without the aid of anything above matter, the useful protoplasm being merely matter, have neglected, so far as we know, to account for protoplasm, and especially for its singular conduct. Matter has qualities, but it does not usually have conduct; but here is matter having conduct—moving about with system and method and apparent intelligence, and producing an effect which we call life. It moves in one way and the steam engine is invented; in another way and an epic is written; in another and a government is founded, an idea is born, or a microscope is made by which it may see itself and so find out that it is but an atom of matter which can do nothing at all! Ah, thou tiny toiling speck, does no hand guide thee? I did no omniscient will appoint thy task and set its bounds, or say to thee, Of this universal substance make now a fern, and now a man! or didst thou by blind chance stumble upon the marvelous mechanism of a spider's spinner, and then of a human hand!

DR. KNICKERBOCKER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, corner of Adams and Emmet Sts., Ypsilanti. Telephone at residence.

TORTURING A PRISONER.

Horrible Scene in a Chinese Court of Justice—Terrible Tortures.

I was just in time to see the torturing in its most aggravated form. The victim was an old thief and every effort was being made to compel him to confess his last crime. A long bench had been placed upon the floor. Thrown upon his back upon this bench, the wretch had been tied to it by thin, stout cords, knotted at one end around his thumbs and toes, and the other end to hooks behind. The bench had then been placed upright upon one end, so that the only means of sustaining a human weight of 160 pounds were the slight, sharp cords that cut right down to the bones of the thumbs and toes. The legs and feet were bent back so that the knees were terribly cramped and the ankles almost dislocated. The shoulders were bent back by a pressure that threatened to pull the bones of the arms from their sockets. The joints of the thumbs seemed no longer of any use. A stout, villainous looking subordinate was laying with all his might a long split bamboo stick across the naked thighs of the unfortunate accused, who writhed and groined under the added punishment. Red welts rose from every blow, while great drops of perspiration stood out upon the brow of the poor sufferer.

The magistrate at length motioned the whipper to stop. The examination recommenced, and renewed efforts were made to compel the accused to confess a crime, which, perhaps, he had never committed. The examination and the torturing had been going on for an hour and a half. In the case of this particular person it had been only a repetition of what had taken place several times before. But he had borne it bravely and had not yet given in. If he held out long enough he might be released; perhaps he might be ordered off to execution, but if he confessed he was certain to lose his head. It was impossible for me to wait the end of the so called examination.

I hurried out, but as I went my attention was called to several peculiar instruments; one a piece of curiously shaped but heavy wood, with which, while a criminal was tied up by his thumbs and toes, he was beaten upon the ankles until the ankle bones were broken; another, a leather strap fitted to a piece of wood, with which he might be beaten across the face until his jaw should be broken and his teeth knocked out, or loosened so that they would drop out; the terrible bastinado, with which, stretched upon the floor, he might be beaten upon the soles of his feet. Only a couple of days before my own visit to this Canton court of justice, five prisoners, tied up by thumbs and toes, had been tortured and beaten until they had fainted, and all five thus insensible were still hanging in the open court room, while the examination of a sixth conscious wretch was being conducted. In the hallway, when I went out, were other poor criminals awaiting their turn. All were heavily shackled. Three with joints dislocated and ankles broken, were seated in baskets, in which they had been carried from their cells, and in which they would soon be carried into the court room to be strung up as they had been time and time again before. They were scarcely conscious. All in heaps, they seemed, thrown into the baskets, with their legs and arms dangling out, their heads bowed down upon their breasts.—Canton Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Food That Paris Consumes.

Some interesting figures with regard to the consumption of food in Paris have recently been published in France, from which we take the following details: It appears that in the year 1885 no less than 303,894 oxen, 188,595 calves, 1,979,636 sheep, and 352,004 pigs were killed at Paris. Adding to this the 7,602,412 pounds of horse flesh which was sold for food, 157 pounds of meat is the average consumption of each inhabitant. The largest number of cattle came from the provinces, and the rest was supplied by Germany, Switzerland and Austria-Hungary. Besides this an average of nine pounds of tongues, livers, kidneys, calves' heads, twenty-three pounds of fish, twenty-two pounds of poultry and seven pounds of oysters per inhabitant has to be added to the consumption of meat. It will appear strange that the average of seven pounds of oysters falls on each inhabitant of Paris, the more so as the poorer classes contribute largely to raise the average. It is stated that the oyster for which there is the greatest demand at Paris is that known as the Portuguese oyster, the flavor of which has been improved by some new experiment in the growth of oysters.—Fall Mall Gazette.

Princess Alexandra's Tardiness.

The still charming and beautiful consort of the Prince of Wales is notoriously lacking in the power of keeping her engagements. She is constantly ten minutes late. So marked is this characteristic that when circumstances necessitate her presence at an exact time she is purposely misinformed as to the hour. A writer in The Brooklyn Standard says that he was once on board the Osborne, one of the royal yachts. The prince and princess were using the boat for their annual summer cruise. A ball had been given in their honor at Cowes, and the prince, in full dress, was pacing the deck awaiting the advent of the princess from her dressing room. Finally the little lady made her appearance, but as per usual ten minutes late. "Tut, tut," remarked H. R. H., irritably, "late again, princess! Some of these days you will be precisely ten minutes late for heaven!"

Testing Each Other's Eyesight.

Gens. Harney and Twiggs—the latter still survives and resides at St. Louis—were stationed in Texas just before the misunderstanding about slavery came to a focus. They were both well advanced in years, and in San Antonio. Their eyesight had become somewhat impaired, and they got into a dispute which of them had the best eyes, so they determined to test each other's capacity. They selected a piece of small print in a newspaper, and Harney began to adjust the focus of his spectacles, by moving the paper to and from his eyes, very much as a musical instrument is moved backward and forward.

"Come, now, Harney!" exclaimed Twiggs, "that's not fair. No tromboning! No tromboning!"—Texas Siftings.

Rulers Over Many Cattle. Little Allie had just completed the course of lessons at Sunday school about Joseph and his brethren, and her mother reviewed the subject with her to find out what she had learned. Allie answered all the questions correctly until she came to where Pharaoh had made the brethren "rulers over many cattle," and there she hesitated.

"What did Pharaoh do for the brethren of Joseph?" her mother asked. Allie thought for a moment, and then, with a sudden dim recollection, exclaimed, "Oh yes, he made them 'cow-boys!'"—Harper's Bazar.

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THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1887.

The public debt reduction for June was about \$15,000,000.

The tide has turned. Political dishonesty has become odious. The public no longer smiles at crookedness. Robbery in high places is no longer winked at or excused.

BARON DE ROTHSCHILD himself paid the entire expenses of the Jewish jubilee celebration in London. He might have borne the cost of the English part of it, too, and not been a financial wreck.

About 207,000 cattle were marketed in the Chicago stock yards in June, being, with one exception, the largest ever received in a single month. In October, 1883, the receipts were nearly 218,000 head.

The births recorded in London every week exceed the deaths by more than a thousand, and during the next ten years the increase in the number of inhabitants will probably be nearly three-quarters of a million.

The biggest nugget of gold ever found in Wisconsin was washed out on the farm of John Condit, one mile from Rock Elm, Pierce county. It weighed nearly three grains. Several other fine nuggets were found with it.

The Nickel-Plate Railway is to be reorganized by States by the Purchasing Committee, and articles of incorporation will be taken out in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. The different organizations are to be consolidated afterward.

WALTER MURRAY GIBSON, the American Premier of the Hawaiian Kingdom, is said to be not only the power behind the throne, but ambitious to mount the throne himself. He persistently declines to be knighted or decorated, and is likely to be the leader in the anticipated revolt against King Kalakaua.

J. D. WILLET, representing a syndicate from Louisville, Ky., has made application to W. M. Wern, land agent of the Manitoba Railroad company, for the purchase of ten thousand acres of land in Stearns county, Minnesota. If the purchase of such an amount of land can be perfected, it is understood large emigration parties in Kentucky will follow.

THE Hon. J. F. White, of Atlanta, Ga., has a fac-simile of the declaration of the independence, in the handwriting of Thomas Jefferson, showing the alterations made by John Adams and Benjamin Franklin. With interlinations, corrections, and erasures, it presents a very undignified appearance. Mr. White has the fac-simile in his possession for thirty-five years.

A BRIGHT Vassar graduate, who was promised by her father a dollar for every cent she might earn by her own labor, obtained work in a factory at \$6 a week. After paying her \$10,000 in the course of about sixteen weeks, the old gentleman concluded he had got about all the fun out of the joke that there was in it and called a halt. The girl at once lost her interest in factory life.

GEORGE W. CHILDS of Philadelphia is a wealthy man. He is building an elegant and costly drinking fountain in the market place at Stratford-upon-Avon in honor of Shakespeare, but he can well afford the expense of taking it down, carting it away to the birth-place of Lord Bacon, and having a new inscription engraved on it, as he will of course do after Ignatius Donnelly's book comes out.

MR. POWDERLY in a recent letter deeply deplores unrestricted immigration and favors the adoption of some measure to check the tide of ignorance, barbarism, and pauperism flowing into this country. He also believes that the sons and daughters of wage workers must be given better educational opportunities, if a condition of affairs "worse than anarchy" is to be averted in the near future.

A FEW days ago Dr. C. H. Stubbs, of Wakefield, Lancaster county, Pa., and another man were standing in a barn-door during a rainstorm. A hat blow off and Dr. Stubbs went out to get it. As he stooped to pick it up a large, forked limb was blown from the tree and fell down over his body, the branches of the fork entering the ground on either side and pinning him fast to the earth, but without injuring him.

THE statistics of the growth of the English Church and of the good deeds done by churchmen during the fifty years' reign of Queen Victoria are thus summarized: A carefully drawn up table shows that six thousand churches and places of worship have been built as against three thousand by all outside religious denominations put together. The home episcopate has been increased by seven new dioceses and the colonial by sixty-two. Within the last twenty-five years \$405,000,000 has been freely and voluntarily subscribed for church purposes, and \$110,000,000 for the purpose of elementary education in voluntary schools—all under the oversight and government of the church.

ALL of the land grant railroads of the country have returned answers to Secretary Lamar's order requiring them to show cause why the several orders of withdrawal from settlement of the lands within their indemnity limits should not be revoked and the lands thrown open to settlement. With but few exceptions the roads in reply state that if they had their due they would receive more land than they now have, as much of the land granted them has been pre-empted and there is no land from which to make selections. The St. Paul & Sioux City Railroad Company takes the ground that this matter is beyond the jurisdiction of the Secretary of the Interior. The Atlantic & Pacific Railroad states that it has earned 1,000,000 acres more land than it has received.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Latest Intelligence From all Parts of the World.

FIRE RECORD.

The fire record Monday included a coopers establishment at St. Louis, Missouri, loss, \$103,000; Hopley & Hopfs, brewery at Pittsburgh; and the brick Malt house of the Weber Brewing Company, Cincinnati, loss, \$95,000.

Fire destroyed a large portion of Elizabethtown, Ky. The postoffice, bank, and newspaper office were burned. The loss is estimated at \$100,000.

A disastrous fire at West Stewartstown, destroyed a large building owned by E. D. Parker containing a large furniture establishment, woolen-mill, machine-shop, and carpenter-shop. Loss, \$50,000; insurance light.

Fire at Hurley, Wis., destroyed two blocks of buildings and caused a loss of probably \$100,000. Monday afternoon's blaze at Marshfield, Wis., was still more destructive, over \$1,000,000 worth of property being wiped out of existence. In the latter town many families are homeless.

Ashes and smoking timbers mark the site of Marshfield, Wis. Fire swept over it, and swallowed up every vestige of business blocks, residences, churches and railroad stations. Two thousand people are homeless, all communication is cut off, and the loss is estimated at \$1,000,000.

CASUALTIES.

At Springfield, Mass., a 15-year-old boy had his scalp partially torn off and one arm deeply lacerated by a leopard in one of Barnum's cages. The elad climbed upon the animal's cage and was peering inside when the brute tried to drag him in.

At Greenville, Ill., Monday a balloon ascension was made. The aeronaut was unfortunate enough to come down on a pair of horses which kicked and injured him severely.

By the explosion of a threshing machine engine on the farm near Mascoutah, Ill., John Plob, the engineer, was instantly killed. Three others were seriously injured. The threshing and two wagons were burned, and two horses were killed.

A passenger train on the Cincinnati & Muskingum Valley railroad was wrecked near Zanesville. The baggage car was thrown down an embankment and a combination car followed half-way down. Three coaches loaded with picnicers were derailed. Strange to say, nobody was killed. Baggage-master Lane was badly hurt and he is the only person injured.

Six men were crushed to death near Portsmouth, O., by the caving-in of an excavation.

Forest fires south of Grand Haven, Michigan, are consuming much valuable timber.

At Barracksville, W. Va., John Jennings, engineer of a freight train, was killed in a collision on the Baltimore & Ohio Road. John Davis was seriously injured. Cattle in four cars were all killed, and the train took fire and burned.

John McCallum was burned to death in a fire at Bay City, Mich. Seymour Wheaton fell forty feet and escaped with a broken arm.

CRIMES AND CRIMINALS.

An examination of the accounts of Levi Bacon, late financial clerk of the interior department, who died on the 22d ult., has revealed a deficiency of \$28,000.

At Marquette, Mich., Monday, John McGinnis advised William Anderson that the manner in which he carried his gun was not calculated to soothe the nerves of the crowd enjoying the celebration. For this Mr. Anderson shot the meddler dead, and was thrown into jail.

Mrs. George Harrington, of Brady, Mich., was beaten in a cruel manner by her husband, Thursday. A short time after she took morphine and died Friday.

S. D. Whitney, Secretary of the Canadian Board of Harbor Commissioners, is missing, and is said to be a defaulter to a large amount.

On Friday, July 1st, Albert Turner, colored, was hanged at Louisville, Ky., for the brutal murder of Jennie Bowman.

Thomas Ballard, the notorious counterfeiter, has been pardoned by the President. Executive clemency has also been extended to half a dozen other convicts.

The bonds of the Fidelity bank-wreckers, Harper and Hopkins, have been increased to \$200,000 and \$100,000 respectively. This is taken as an indication that the prosecution "means business."

Chael Rook, the West Shore express-robbler, has been sentenced to twenty years at hard labor in Auburn prison.

At Waukegan, Ill., two women were brutally assaulted by a desperado, who entered the house for the purpose of robbery. Mrs. Julia Lloyd, one of the victims, is not expected to survive.

In the Sharp bribery case at New York the jury brought in a verdict of guilty after being out but thirteen minutes. Sharp will remain in Ludlow street jail until July 13, when sentence will be passed.

Three men have been arrested at Alpena, Mich., who are thought to be the fur-trappers who rescued their leader McMunn at Ravenna, O., after a desperate fight, in which an officer was fatally wounded.

Jimmy Carroll, the notorious burglar, who has been in jail at Galesburg, Ill., charged with complicity in robbing the Farmers and Mechanics bank in 1877, will be set at liberty soon because of the inability of the witnesses to be present at the trial.

In her home in Jeffersonville, Ind., Miss Sarah Aldridge, aged 19, was found shot in the head. George Jettel, her lover, who was in the parlor with her, says she shot herself while he was asleep with his head on her lap, but his story is doubted, and he has been imprisoned.

INDUSTRIAL.

All the glass factories in the country have shut down for thirty or sixty days. There is prospect of trouble between the employers and workmen in some branches of this industry over the question of wages and other matters.

All the differences between the manufacturers and the iron and steel workers were amicably adjusted at a meeting in Pittsburgh, and the scale signed, so that there will be no strike. Concessions were made by both sides.

A strike is threatened at the Fort Wayne railroad shops in Allegheny City, Pa.,

which is likely to throw out of employment between four and five hundred men. The trouble is caused by a new style of box car, on which there is almost twice as much labor as on the ordinary cars. The men refuse to work on them unless their wages are advanced, and recently sixteen carpenters quit work. Sympathy for the strikers is very strong in the other departments, and unless there is a settlement a general strike is probable.

The Master Masons' association has appointed a committee of five to act with a similar committee to be appointed by the bricklayers in arbitrating the existing troubles. The committee was instructed to stand firmly by the declaration of principles recently promulgated by the association, and insist upon its recognition as the basis of any settlement.

It is estimated that since the inauguration of the strike in the coke region three months ago, operators and employees have lost \$750,000 in wages and profits. It is insisted that the operators are making arrangements for a force of Pinkerton men to protect life and property.

WASHINGTON.

During the last fiscal year there were issued 112,840 pension certificates. Of this number 55,194 were original cases; 8,415 were Mexican-war claims, 10,030 were "amputation" cases, and 32,107 were increase cases. The remainder were "re-issue."

The President has granted pardons to John W. Tankieley, convicted in Kentucky of violating interest revenue laws, and E. Backinger, convicted in Tennessee of passing counterfeit money.

During June 2,515,090 standard dollars were coined.

A Washington Special says: The statement of Dr. McGlynn that the cabinet was sounded on the subject of receiving an ambassador from the church of Rome is discredited.

Chief Engineer Henry Lee Snyder, United States navy, died suddenly at Washington.

A Washington special says: "Senator M. C. Butler of South Carolina is quoted as saying he believes Secretary Lamar will be appointed to the vacancy on the Supreme bench and that Senator Colquitt of Georgia will probably succeed Mr. Lamar as Secretary of the Interior. The Georgia Senator denies that he has been offered the place, but it seems to be understood among his friends that he can have it if he desires it. Senator Colquitt has been strongly identified with the temperance movement in Georgia, and some doubt has been expressed as to the advisability of the President's inviting him into the cabinet on that account."

The general land office has adopted a new code of regulations governing the entry of desert lands, intended to prevent the frauds which have heretofore been practiced on such an extensive scale in claims of this character.

A long-standing claim of the State of Kansas against the general government for \$43,790, based upon certain stipulations of the Kansas admission act of 1861, has been rejected by the secretary of the interior.

General O. O. Howard telegraphs to the War Department that the hostile Apaches in Arizona have been driven back into their reservation and are now under the control of the military.

POLITICAL.

The following members of the Board of Pension appeals have been reappointed for one year: George Baber of Kentucky, John A. Judson of New York, Patrick J. Rogers of New York, Robert D. Grath of North Carolina, S. W. Rittenhouse of the District of Columbia, and Robert F. Hill of Michigan.

William Porter, of Des Moines, has been appointed register of the land office at that city.

Judge Thurman predicts Cleveland's re-nomination and re-election.

At Delaware, Ohio, the Prohibitionists are holding a three-days State convention. All of the prominent prohibition orators of the nation are present and the convention is said to be the largest of the kind ever held in the United States. Knowing ones state that the platform will be framed with the purpose of securing the approval and support of the labor faction. A full state ticket will be nominated.

GENERAL.

Ex-Governor Morrill died Monday forenoon at his home in Augusta, Me.

A statue to General Burnside was unveiled Monday at Providence, R. I.

Thomas S. Baldwin, an aeronaut, Monday, at Quincy, Ill., jumped from a balloon while it was in the air, and reached the ground in safety by means of a parachute.

Tammany Hall celebrated the Fourth in the wigwag at New York, the principal speakers being Gov. Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia; Governor Wilson, of West Virginia; the Hon. S. S. Cox, and the Hon. W. C. Maybury, of Michigan.

An epidemic of diphtheria in New York City calls for active measures to stamp out the disease. The report for June shows 521 cases and 215 deaths, principally children.

Chinch bugs are reported to be destroying the wheat crop in portions of Iowa. Owing to the reduction of receipts, due to the prohibitory law, the internal revenue office for Mississippi has been transferred to the Louisiana office. The receipts have fallen below \$50,000, and are decreasing annually.

During the month of June the eastward movement of flour through Buffalo fell to 203,515 barrels, while grain increased 5,507,132 bushels.

The shipments from Bay City and East Saginaw, Mich., for the month of June were less than half for the same month last year. The rate war was the cause, vessels all going into the ore trade.

A rather unfavorable report on crop conditions has just been issued by the Territorial Statistician of Dakota. Hot winds have proved injurious. Corn averages 100 per cent, with an increased acreage, while the condition of spring wheat is but 86 per cent.

According to Bradstreet's there were 400 less failures in the United States during the last six months than for the same period of 1886. An earthquake shock was felt in parts of New Hampshire and Vermont on the 1st instant.

A strict quarantine has been established in Westchester county, New York, where pleuro-pneumonia is said to prevail.

D. H. Bates, President of the Baltimore & Ohio Telegraph Company, denies that its lines have been sold to the Western Union.

Heavy rains have fallen in the valley of Mexico, and many outlying villages are submerged.

The new Mexican customs tariff and the reformed internal revenue system went into effect July 1st. The occasion was celebrated at the City of Mexico by a banquet tendered by merchants of all nationalities to Finance Minister Dujban. The new postal treaty with the United States also became operative on the 1st.

It is believed that Jay Gould has finally secured the Baltimore and Ohio telegraph system.

The New York World confirms the report that Cyrus W. Field turned over the remainder of his elevated-railway stock to Jay Gould on the 29th of June. The amount was 20,000 shares.

FOREIGN.

The Paris Figaro says the Crown Prince of Germany has visited the Count of Paris and warned him that a Floquet-Boulangier Ministry would lead to a war between France and Germany within a month, and that the policy adopted by the Monarchic party would be based on the warning.

Prince Ferdinand has left Vienna for London to consult Lord Salisbury and the queen on the subject of his candidacy for the Bulgarian throne.

France has protested against the conduct of Italy in minimizing French rights in Zeilah, on the Red Sea, near the Abyssinian frontier.

The captain and three seamen of the British bark Lady Douglas have been condemned to death for murdering a Malay sailor at sea.

Ten persons in one family were suffocated in Cuba. The father putleat-tobacco on the coals before retiring as a guard against small-pox. In the morning his band, wife, and eight children were found dead.

The Ghilzais, who are in revolt against the amer, who were reported to have been annihilated, are now credited with an important victory over Ghuzni. They are said, however, to have suffered defeat, with heavy loss, near Istadsch.

European advices are to the effect that \$1,000,000 of gold has been shipped to this country, and that the shipments of the next ten days will amount to \$5,000,000.

In a riot at Algiers many Moors were killed and wounded.

Gen. Boulanger has been appointed to the command of the Thirteenth Corps of the French army.

Passengers who arrived by the steamer San Pablo report that there is great excitement at Honolulu over the threatened revolution against King Kalakaua. It is said that the Germans and Chinese are at the bottom of the trouble, and that the latter will wage a war of extermination with the Hawaiians, during which Europeans will gain control.

Dreaming to Some Purpose.

John Milton Akers writes from Pine Island, Minn., to *The Christian Advocate* as follows: "In the winter of 1859-60 the writer was teaching school in Bedford county, Pa., and boarding with an intelligent and substantial farmer of German extraction by the name of Anthony Felton. The family was a remarkable one for ingenuity. One night after school the conversation turned upon difficult problems in mathematics. I mentioned one that my brother had sent me which I considered quite intricate. The question was as follows (I reproduce from memory): 'Sold 5,000 ells Flemish of cloth for \$21,250, and gained as much per yard as one eighth of the prime cost of an ell English. What was the prime cost per yard, and of the whole piece?' On repeating the question my host told me promptly it could not be done. I repeated it several times for him during the evening, till he had it so conditions well fixed in his mind. I assured him I had solved it by algebra, of which he knew nothing. The next morning, on coming from my room, he said: 'I can tell you about that problem now.' Upon asking him how he had reached the solution, he said: 'I dreamed it out.' I smiled incredulously, for I had no faith in such straight dreaming. I said: 'Let me see your solution?' and to my astonishment and delight he produced an arithmetical solution that was a marvel to analytic simplicity. I then asked more particularly about his dream. He said: 'An old man, to whom I had at one time gone to school, came to me in my dream, and seeing I was troubled about something asked the cause. I repeated the question to him, and told him that I had told the "master" that it could not be solved. The old man told me it made no difference what you told the "master," it can be worked, and then told me how to do it.' And he remembered it so distinctly that he solved the question by the instructions received in his dream."

A pair of antrels with thirty-eight tines is a curiosity at Butte, Montana.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO.			
WHEAT—Choice to Prime	4.10	@	4.45
Good Shipping	3.90	@	4.20
Common	3.75	@	4.30
HOES—Shipping Grades	4.35	@	5.05
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	4.25	@	4.60
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	69	@	78 1/2
CORN—No. 2	37 1/2	@	83
OATS—No. 2	25 1/2	@	26 1/2
POTATOES—New, per ton	90	@	1.50
BUTTER—Choice, cream	16	@	16 1/2
EGGS—Fresh, per doz	12	@	13
CHEESE—Full Cream, Chd	8	@	8 1/2
Full Cream, new	8	@	8 1/2
EGGS—Fresh	10	@	10 1/2
POK—Mess.	23.00	@	22.00
NEW YORK.			
BEEVES—Choice to Prime	4.50	@	5.20
HOES—No. 2 Red	95 1/2	@	5.0
WHEAT—No. 2	47 1/2	@	47 1/2
CORN—No. 2	37 1/2	@	47 1/2
OATS—White	37	@	41 1/2
POK—New Mess.	15.50	@	15.75
ST. LOUIS.			
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	88	@	88 1/2
CORN—Mixed	37	@	37 1/2
OATS—No. 2	29	@	27 1/2
POK—New Mess.	15.00	@	15.70
CINCINNATI.			
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	87	@	87
CORN—No. 2	40 1/2	@	41
OATS—No. 2	39 1/2	@	40
POK—Mess.	15.00	@	15.00
HOES	4.50	@	5.00
DETROIT.			
WHEAT—No. 1 White	88 1/2	@	88 1/2
CORN—No. 2	39 1/2	@	40
OATS—No. 2	39	@	40
POK—No. 2 White	15.00	@	15.00

A STRANGE TALE.

A St. Louis Special says:—The residence of Alexander F. Gier, No. 2606 Gamble street, is the center about which a sensation has prevailed for the last twenty-four hours. The developments are of a most remarkable character. Annie Kolkhorst is a domestic employed in the family of Mr. Gier. She is about 20 years of age, large and strong, and apparently perfectly healthy. She is of comely face and figure, and has a spotless name. Last night about dusk she went to the coalshed for the purpose of getting some kindling, and remained so long that a member of the family went out to see what detained her. She was found lying in the shed with a gag made of old rags in her mouth, insensible. Everything indicated that she had been the victim of a foul assault.

She was taken into the house and medical aid summoned. At the same time the police were called in. An examination of the premises and surroundings convinced the police that there was a mystery to be solved. When the girl regained consciousness she told a story to the effect that she was splitting kindling when a man came into the shed from the alley and struck her, and then placed the gag in her mouth. After that she remembered nothing. She was not closely questioned then, as she was suffering from a violent nervous shock that made it absolutely necessary that she should have perfect quiet. The doctors were convinced that no outrage had been committed, though her clothing was almost entirely torn from her body. The matter was kept quiet, while the police pushed their investigation as best they could, pending the girl's recovery. This morning she was much improved, and she continued to grow better until this afternoon, when her condition was such that a thorough examination was made. The girl told a most romantic story. Her home, three years ago, was in Montgomery county, Ill., where she was affianced to Henry Brokamp, a farmer, but her parents wanted her to marry another man—a horse-trader. She was true to her love, and on this account, a short time before the date set for her wedding, Brokamp, her lover, was assassinated on June 10, 1884. The murderer was tried and convicted, and just before being hanged made a confession, stating that the rejected lover had hired him to do the killing. Annie was sick for some time after this, and when she recovered her health came to St. Louis. Shortly after coming here, she met the man whose love she had rejected, and the sight of him caused her to faint. Since the first meeting, she says, she has seen him several times, and each time she fainted. In fact, she has become subject to fainting fits, and has been haunted by visions of the man, knowing him to be responsible for the death of her lover.

After telling this story she was cross-questioned closely, and finally Police Officer King, who was making the examination, told her that every evidence was that she had not been assaulted, that the shed door was locked, and asked: "Now, don't you think that this is all imagination? Don't you think you simply had a fainting fit, and bound and gagged yourself after tearing your own clothes and scratching your own face?"

She sat quiet, evidently pondering the question, and finally replied: "It might be so. I feel strange and do strange things when I get those spells. I have been doing strange things ever since Henry was murdered." Further investigation convinced the examiners that the alleged outrage was all delusion and that she had been her own assailant.

BLOODY WORK AT A RIOT.

Six Negroes and One White Man Killed in a Desperate Fight.

A special from Girard, La., under date of June 29th, says: A riot occurred at Oak Ridge this morning about 5:30 o'clock, in which one white man and six negroes were killed and several white men dangerously wounded. The following particulars of the affair are given: Yesterday a negro living in the vicinity of Oak Ridge assaulted a white girl. He was arrested about 7 in the evening, and when the duties were taking him to the calaboose they were fired upon by Jerry Baldwin, colored, his two sons, and three other negroes, wounding Deputies Baker and Gardner, and releasing the prisoner. The negroes then disappeared and later rendezvoused at a negro cabin two miles from town. On learning their whereabouts it was proposed to lynch the negro. Before daylight this morning a party of whites went to the negro's house for that purpose and were fired upon by the negro and his friends. One of their number, George Higginbotham, was instantly killed, and John Gogger, Deputy Sheriff, T. G. Brigham, editor of the Morehouse Sentinel, and Messrs. Milmore and Baker were wounded. The whites returned the fire with deadly effect, killing six of the negroes, including the accused. As soon as the news spread the negroes from all surrounding country flocked to town, and Sheriff W. F. Douglas, with a posse of twenty armed men, left Bastrop for the scene. At noon to-day bodies of white men are moving from Girard and other points toward Oak Ridge, and a conflict between the whites and blacks, with most serious results to the latter, is momentarily expected. Town-Marshall John Conger, who received eleven bullet wounds, died at 3 o'clock to-day.

A NITRO-GLYCERINE FACTORY BLOWN UP.

A terrific explosion occurred at Findlay, Ohio, June 29th, the nitro-glycerine factory of E. N. McCoy blowing up. There were nearly 1,000 pounds of explosive in the building. The concussion caused people for miles around to think that an earthquake had occurred. The factory was blown to atoms, but nobody was near enough to be hurt. A hole fifteen feet deep and fifty feet across the top was made in the ground and many trees were blown out. An acre or more of woodland is devastated, and for a great distance from the site of the factory bark was torn from the trees. Somebody with a spit against the proprietor made a fire, and, placing a cap in the cleaning-tank where the stuff was, caused the explosion from a distance. The damage was not great.

What is the shortest sentence on record was pronounced not long ago by an English justice. The convicted prisoner had married a second husband while her first was living, undivorced, but the circumstances were such that the judge said that he could not conscientiously sentence her to more than five minutes imprisonment; and that was the sentence.

A VILLAGE SWEEPED BY FIRE.

Marshfield, Wis., Totally Wiped Out of Existence.

Fire almost swept out of existence the town of Marshfield, and 2,000 people are left homeless. The loss is not less than \$1,000,000. A locomotive spark started a blaze in the lumber yard of the Upham furniture factory, and it rapidly developed into a roaring fire that spread toward the town. Insufficient fire protection facilities prevented any resistance to the flames and soon several flourishing factories, the business blocks along the main street, and adjoining residences were wrapped in flames. The people gathered such household effects as they could and fled to the woods. The heat was so intense that 2,500 feet of the Wisconsin Central track, which runs through one end of the town, was bent and twisted into the most grotesque shape, on account of which travel was impeded for a whole day. Special trains from Stevens Point and Chippewa Falls conveyed fire-engines to the place, but the fire was beyond all control. But one store and a few half-burned houses remain in this flourishing town. Many people were transferred by specials to neighboring towns, and others camped on the blackened outskirts of the village. Among the buildings destroyed were a woodenware factory, the gristmill, sawmill, and factory of the Upham Manufacturing Company, the Tremont and several minor hotels, the warehouses along the Wisconsin Central, its depot, four churches, and the entire business center. The insurance is less than one-fifth of the loss.

THE WRECKED FIDELITY.

Mr. David Armstrong, of Cincinnati, O., has had his bond as receiver of the Fidelity National Bank accepted, and he is now in charge of the defunct institution. Comptroller of the Currency Trenholm and Solicitor of the Treasury McCue has gone to Washington, having given to the receiver and to the United States District Attorney there, respectively, such instructions as could be given at the present time.

Mr. Trenholm, in conversation said, that he would deal with this bank upon the principle that National banks hold a fiduciary relation to the public, and that the profits upon the stock are in part the consideration for the proper discharge of the trust by the officers chosen by the stockholders; and when, as in the case of the Fidelity Bank, this trust is betrayed by the officers, it is the duty of the government to award exemplary punishment not only to the men active in the wrongdoing, but also to those who, being in a position to protect the interests of the depositors, neglected or omitted to discharge that duty.

It is understood that the Comptroller and the District Attorney agree that the government officers will act for the creditors of the bank, and that individual suits are not necessary, the government regarding it as its duty to exhaust the legal liability of officers and stockholders in the effort to meet claims. Comptroller Trenholm will declare a dividend as soon as the necessary data can be collected.

FIRE STRICKEN.

The Business Portion of Hurley, Wis., Burned.

A most disastrous fire prevailed at Hurley, Wis., on the 28th, destroying about half of the business portion of the town. The fire started about 10 o'clock in the morning in the

THE MAID OF CHAMOUNI.

She comes the dusty road down
In cap of white and homespun gown;
Her hair has caught an amber glow
The mellow sunlight loves to throw:
Her eyes have something of the hue
Of harebells bathed by morning dew:
Hark! how she sings in guileless glee,
This little maid of Chamouni.

Down dowy pasture slopes there swells
The jangled sound of iron bells
From noisy tongues by cattle swayed
The while they crop the tender blade:
And on her hearing, loud and faint,
There falls the young lamb's touching
plaint.

As on she wanders merrily,
This little maid of Chamouni.

Above the rock-girt vale she knows,
Dowered with a deathless crown of snows,
Mont Blanc aspire—a king whose sway
Will last till mountains lapse in decay.
In icy lechery of white
The glaciers flash the golden light;
Small thought to snowy peaks gives she,
This little maid of Chamouni.

Since first she sped those sunny eyes
She has beheld these monarchs rise
In mighty majesty of power
Through winter storm and summer shower.
This is her world; what lies afar
To her is distant as a star.
She has no care for days to be,
This little maid of Chamouni.
—[Clinton Scollard in Wide Awake.

FELICIA.

CHAPTER I.

THE IMPULSE OF THE MOMENT.

"I say, Jasper," exclaimed Tristram Paget to his friend Middleton, as the hansom in which they were seated stopped suddenly at the entrance of the Easton Railway Station, "what a crowd there is round that cab! Something has happened—an accident—perhaps."

Jasper Middleton, a tall, dark, gentlemanly looking young fellow, some-where about five-and-twenty years of age, pitched away the end of his cigar, and gave a languid, indifferent glance in the direction pointed out by his friend.

"Some horrid row, I suppose," he replied, with an uninterested air, "for I can see a bonnet moving about; and when a woman is in the middle of a crowd you may bet there is a row."

"Yes, sir," said a porter, touching his cap with particular servility, for he knew by the general appearance of the two "swells" that he should be "tipped" liberally for any extra attention. "There is a row on, and there's a woman in the midst of it. Any luggage sir?"

"No; my man ought to be here with it already," answered Jasper, as he paid the fare. "How soon will the Scotch express start?"

"In seven minutes, sir."

"Then come on, Tristram; we've only just time. Never mind what the matter. It will be far better not to mix yourself up in it."

"Common case, sir," interposed the porter. "Often happens. A woman's come here in a 'growler,' and then says she's got no money, and can't pay her fare, and that always makes the cabbies particular wild."

"Don't be in a hurry," said Tristram; "we can spare a minute or two, and I feel a little curiosity to know more about the affair."

As he spoke he took hold of his companion's arm and dragged him into the throng.

The cabman was standing on the pavement, gesticulating like a Frenchman. In his rage he had flung his cap on the ground and jumped on it; and he now gave expression to his opinions with great volubility and vigor.

"Now, mem," he cried, "I leave it to you. I ask you to make your mind up—pay me my blessed fare without any more gammon, or get into the blessed cab again, and I drives you to the nearest police-station; you takes your chice, mem, out o' them 'ere—I leaves it to you! I only ask where you are going to do?"

The person to whom these wrathful and sarcastic observations were addressed had her back turned to Tristram and his friend. She was very plainly dressed in black, but her figure was tall and graceful, and she had undoubtedly a ladylike and well-bred air.

To the cabman's remarks, however, she could not or would not reply. Her handkerchief was held to her face, and she was sobbing violently.

At this juncture the inspector interfered.

"Now, miss," he said, firmly and respectfully, "we can't have this going on here any longer, you know! Whether you have been so unfortunate as to lose your purse or to have it stolen, as you say you have—or whether you have made a deliberate attempt to swindle the cabman out of his fare, as he says you have—can't be settled here. The only thing you can do is to get into the cab and go before the nearest magistrate."

"That's just the size of it!" cried the cabman. "Now, mem, if you please," he added, holding open the cab door, and speaking with such mock humility that the bystanders burst into a roar of laughter. "Now, mem, oblige me by getting into the cab, mem, if you please!"

But the young girl—for, from her manner, Tristram could tell she was nothing more—made no reply—made no attempt to move, but stood wringing her hands as if distracted with grief.

"Oh! hang it!" cried Jasper, "this is no business of ours. Come along, or you will be too late. It's a 'do,' no doubt, and I dare say she knows how to get out of her scrape; anyhow, I'm off, for I don't intend to lose the train through mixing myself up in a row!"

While speaking he shook himself free from his companion's grasp, and hurried toward the booking-office. At the same moment Tristram placed himself beside the slim black figure.

But as Jasper spoke the young girl started violently, and turned around—whether from annoyance at the words uttered, or because she recognized the voice, it was impossible to say. She did turn, however, and while doing so flung aside the thick black veil which had hitherto concealed her features.

A strange thrill quivered through every fiber of his body, as Tristram gazed into the lovely countenance now brought to view. Pale as it was, swelled as her eyes were with hysterical weeping, it was evident that she possessed more than an ordinary share of beauty, as was manifested by the murmur of admiration which arose.

Her glance fell upon Tristram—an

appealing glance, which he was powerless to withstand.

"I beg pardon," he said, as he raised his hat. "I hope the circumstances justify me, a stranger, in addressing you. I understand you have wet with some misfortune?"

"Oh! thank you, sir," she said, her voice almost inaudible from sobs. "What shall I do? I have either lost my purse or it has been stolen from me. I left Paris last night, and it is most important that I should not miss the next Northern express. What shall I do?"

Her grief was so great—so unmistakably genuine, Tristram thought—that he no longer hesitated as to the course he should pursue.

"I shall be only too happy to be of service to you," he replied, courteously.

Then, turning to the cabman, he added: "Come, my friend, I will undertake to settle your claim. How much is your fare?"

"My fare," said the cabman, "from Victoria here is two shillings, and I expect something for having been kept waiting all this time."

"Here, that will pay all in full. Be off!"

The cabman stared, and picked up his hat.

"Now, miss," said Tristram, "will you be kind enough to take my arm? Thank you very much! Allow me. This way."

The crowd divided, and he directed his steps toward the booking-office.

His companion lunged heavily upon his arm, and trembled violently. She tried to thank her deliverer, but not a word could pass her lips.

The loud ringing of a bell now came upon their ears, and a stentorian voice cried:

"Any more for the express—any more for the express! Look alive, sir, if you are going on!"

"Calm yourself," said Tristram to his companion. "You said I think that it was important that you should catch the express?"

"Yes—yes! Oh! yes. And I am penniless!"

"But you did not mention your destination," continued Tristram, unheeding her remarks. "Quick—quick! Tell me at once where you wish to go, or it will be too late!"

"Crewe," she gasped; but—

Tristram waited to hear no more, but, disengaging himself, hurried across to the booking-window, the shutter of which the clerk was in the act of drawing down.

"One first, Crewe!" he cried. "How much?"

"Single, sir?"

"Yes."

"Twenty-two and fourpence."

Tristram seized the ticket, and unheeding the calls of the clerk, and unbowed after him that he had forgotten his change, rejoined the young girl he was so generously befriending.

"Come!" he cried, in a tone of command. "There is not a moment to lose!"

And as he spoke he hurried the bewildered and only half-conscious girl out of the booking-office across the platform.

"Now, sir, where for?" cried the guard, who was just about to put the whistle to his lips.

"Crewe—Crewe!"

And still confused, and seemingly only partially aware of what was taking place, the young girl found herself almost lifted into a carriage. She sank back on her seat, the door slammed, and the next thing she knew was that the train was gliding rapidly out of the station.

Her heart was full of gratitude and thankfulness, and she looked up, expecting to see the stranger who had rendered her so signal a service. But, to her surprise, she found herself the sole occupant of the compartment.

"How can I thank him?" she thought. "Shall I ever see him again, I wonder?" And then a cold shiver came over her as she said:

"What, oh! what would have become of me but for his generous help? And then, that other voice. Could I have been mistaken? No—no. Impossible."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Didn't Ask Her Right.

Mr. Burdette insists that he overheard a woman lecturing her husband as follows on board a train: "Now I'll tell you why I wouldn't go into the restaurant and have a cup of coffee with you while we were waiting for the train. I didn't like the way you asked me. Keep quiet. I have the floor. Not half an hour before you said to Mr. Puffer: 'Come, let's get a cigar,' and away you went, holding his arm and not giving him a chance to decline. When we met John O'Howdy on our way to luncheon you said: 'Just in time, John; come take lunch with us.' And then to-night, when we found the train an hour late, you looked at your watch, turned to me, and said in a questioning way: 'Would you like a cup of coffee?' And I did want it; I was tired and a little hungry, but I would have fainting fits before I would have accepted such an invitation. And you went away a little bit vexed with me and had your coffee and bread and butter by yourself and didn't enjoy it very much. In effect you said to me: 'If you want a cup of coffee, if you really want it, I will buy it for you.' You are the best husband in the world, but do as nearly all the best husbands do. Why do you men seem to dole things out to your wives when you fairly throw them to the men you know? Why don't you invite me heartily as you invite the men? Why didn't you say, 'Come, let's get a little coffee and something,' and take me right along with you? You wouldn't say to a man, 'Would you like me to go and buy you a cigar?' Then why do you always issue your little invitations to treats in that way to me? Indeed, indeed, my dear husband, if men would only act toward their wives as heartily, cordially, frankly, as they do toward the men whom they meet, they would find cheerier companions at home than they could at the club."

James R. Keene, who was once on the wrong side of a Chicago wheat concern, is reported to have been on the right side of the late one, and took \$150,000 out of it.

The remains of the sculptor Joel T. Hart, which were brought home from Italy two years ago, were finally interred at Frankfort, Ky.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

A Good Story—Boy Reporter—The Little Maid of Chamouni—The Children, Etc.

Story of a Kentucky Boy.

When the war for the Union ended, G. D. Worley was a boy on his mother's farm near Allen's Springs, Ky. Young as he was he could plainly see and realize the lamentable condition in which the war had left his home. He was, therefore, constantly haunted by the idea that he could wonder towards retrieving their losses by the freeing of slaves, etc., if he was turned loose in the world. So thoroughly was he imbued with this idea that one day he quietly stole away, and started he knew not where. After a short tramp he found himself in Bowling Green, Ky., but, finding nothing he could do, he drifted down into Mexico, believing firmly that there his fortune awaited him.

But while here he did not forget his old Kentucky home and the dear ones he had left behind. He wrote home explaining why he had left, and that he hoped soon to return, bountifully blessed with a sufficiency of this world's goods, that his mother, brother, and sister might be well cared for, but the letter never reached its destination.

Young Worley worked on, practicing rigid economy, for he had built many air castles about how he intended dividing his wealth when he returned home.

Some time had elapsed, his mother had never answered his letter, and he concluded he would write again. The second letter, though, like the first, was mislaid, and never reached the heartbroken mother of young Worley. She believed firmly that her boy had been foully dealt with, and so strong was circumstantial evidence that the terrible deed was laid at the door of a neighbor, but not having sufficient evidence to convict him he was never brought before the courts.

Worley could hear nothing from his mother, and believed beyond doubt that she was dead. He therefore lost all his former pride about returning home with much wealth and asking his mother's forgiveness, and at the first opportunity presenting himself he joined the United States army and went west, when he remained for five years. Returning after that time, he went to St. Louis and embarked in the railroad business. Here he felt hopelessly, helplessly, and recklessly in love with a rare and radiant little blonde, and wooed and won her. He continued to work in this line until he became very proficient in his business—so much so, in fact, that his services were sought after by several railroad corporations. He, however, accepted the position of general superintendent of the Hot Springs and Malvern Railroad company, which position he holds at present.

The other Sunday night the names of G. D. Worley, wife, and son were registered at the Morehead house in this city. It was the same G. D. Worley that passed through this city twenty-two years ago, a barefooted boy of 17 or 18 years of age. He is now a fine-looking man, was handsomely dressed, and his wife and son, who is now 13 years of age, looked the perfect picture of health and happiness. He was carrying them with him back to the home of his youth, explaining to them how his dear old mother formerly looked and acted in her lifetime. It was his intention, he said, to buy the old homestead and keep it as a memento of departed ones. They approached the scene; how changed it appeared to Worley, as he viewed here and there a few familiar spots. He dismounted and knocked at the door of the house in which he had left his aged mother nearly a quarter of a century since, wondering the while what strange face would soon confront him. Imagine his surprise, his unbounded happiness, as the tottering form of the mother he had believed to be dead for these many years stood before him! The scene that followed is easier imagined than described. They embraced and wept for a time. Then the wife and son were introduced; the story of his departure and adventures for the past twenty-two years was told; the fattest calf was killed and a feast was soon prepared; neighbors from far and near were invited to it—among them was the man who had been suspected of the murder of young Worley many years since, and who, up to that time, had not been allowed under the roof of the aged Mrs. Worley.

The happiness that was witnessed on this occasion was truly remarkable. Mr. Worley is spending a week or two here, preparatory to returning to his home. His mother will accompany him on his return and spend her last days on earth with him whom she says "once was lost but now is found."

Bowling Green, (Ky.), Times.

Story of a Diamond.

It seems that fairies are still to be met with in Ireland, if we may credit the story which Mr. Doyle tells of his friend, Mrs. Brooke. The family lived on the banks of Lough Erne, where pearls of more or less value are found, as they are at places in England. Mrs. Brooke took to collecting these pearls, and children in the neighboring villages got into the habit of bringing her any that were picked up, receiving in return a shilling or two for the find.

One day a little girl arrived from a greater distance than usual, offering not a pearl but a pebble. Mrs. Brooke, who was only seeking after pearls, declined to buy it. Shortly afterward the butler, a good natured man, came up and suggested she should change her mind.

"The little girl," he said, "has had a very long walk, and is crying bitterly at having to go home empty handed."

"Oh, very well," said Mrs. Brooke, "take the stone and give the child what she asks for it."

This he did. A month or two afterward, a friend, a great traveler, who knew South America well, after ogling the pebble for some time, broke out thus: "Do you know, if I were in Brazil, I should be certain that in that bit of stone you had got hold of a real diamond."

The bit of stone was submitted to a competent jeweler in Dublin, who entirely confirmed this suspicion; and the Lough Erne pebble is now set in one of Mrs. Brooke's diamond rings. Unluckily, all traces of the little girl and

her whereabouts had been lost.—*Youth's Companion.*

Bennie's New Hat.

Bennie felt very proud as he sat on the veranda that bright summer day. At last he had a hat just like papa's—a clean, white, broad-brimmed one—no baby hat about that; it was like what men wear.

Suddenly there was a great uproar from Uncle John's garden, and Bennie went out to see.

A swarm of Uncle John's bees were going away and they were beating on old pans and kettles, thinking to cause them to alight. They were coming right over where Bennie was standing—a great black cloud of them.

Bennie thought he would do something, too. He did not have any old pan, but there was the force-pump and tub of water with which papa had been sprinkling the garden. He had heard that a shower would cause them to alight, and that wide sprinkler would make a shower.

He seized the hose and pointed it directly at the black cloud of bees; the bees thought a shower was coming and they came down.

There being no bushes near at hand, they took the first place they could find to light on, and that was on Bennie's new hat!

And Bennie's new hat was on Bennie's own little head at the time—that made it worse still. Luckily, Bennie was too frightened to stir, and the swarm was a small one.

"Don't move, Bennie! stand still, for your life!" shouted Uncle John; and Bennie stood as if he was a block of wood, he hardly dared to breathe.

As soon as the bees settled fairly, papa took Bennie's hat from his head and shook the bees off into a hive which Uncle John brought from the shed.

Uncle John said Bennie had saved the bees, so he gave them to him, and they made lots of cones for him; but his beautiful new hat was ruined forever.

The Girl and Her Cash-Book.

In a burst of obviously misplaced confidence a young lady just returned from college yesterday confided to the tourist one of the awful secrets of her sex—the true inwardness of the feminine account-book. "You see," she said, "I can't always remember exactly what I spend all my money for, so I just put down all the items I can remember and then charge the deficit to postage-stamps. Mamma often wonders what I can possibly do with all the stamps I buy, for she knows I haven't such a dreadful list of correspondents. Of course," she went on, with a truly inexplicable look of conscious prevarication, "I don't write to anybody mamma doesn't know about."

"Of course," assented the tourist. "And you see," continued the fair Vassarite, "when she looks over my accounts and sees 25 cents charged for missionary fund, 10 cents for lead pencils, 50 cents for caramels, and two dollars for postage-stamps, she thinks it's kind of funny." "Quite ludicrous, no doubt," echoed the tourist.—*Albany Journal.*

A Pleasant Way to Begin.

Some little time ago a young lady who had been teaching a class of half grown girls in the Sunday-school of Dr. B's church, Brooklyn, was called away from the city, rendering it necessary to fill her place. The superintendent decided to request one of the young gentlemen of the congregation to take the class. It so happened that the young man upon whom fell the superintendent's choice was exceedingly bashful. The two gentlemen appeared upon the little platform, and the superintendent began: "Young ladies, I wish to introduce to you Mr. C—who will in future be your teacher. I would like to have you tell him what your former teacher did, so that he can go right on in the same way." Immediately a demure miss of 14 years arose and said: "The first thing our teacher always did was to kiss us all around."

A Lesson in Culture.

"Now mind what I tell you," said old Mrs. Daggett to her daughter, Alvira, who was about to make her debut into society while visiting friends in the city. "You do just as I tell you, Alvira, and you'll make no mistakes. In the first place, don't eat potatoes, nor turnips, nor anything of that kind with your knife; use a spoon; and don't sop your bread in the dish gravy on the meat platter, as we prim, old fashioned folks do here at home; take some gravy on your plate and sop it there; and don't put your coffee into your sasser, no matter how hot it is; blow it off cool whilst it's in the cup; and don't ask for pie. I tell you, I kept my eyes open when I was in the city, and I know what's what when it comes to men manners. You mind me and you'll make no bad breaks.—*Tid-Bits.*

Where the Girls are Ahead.

Our Waterville special reintrenches us in the conviction that women are not an inferior sex. Five young women of the junior class at Colby University have had the hardihood to walk off with five junior parts honors, winning rank in scholarship reported to be very unusual in any class. We know of but one remedy for a state of things which is quite humiliating to young men, without losing a whit of zeal in manly sports, with the same zeal court scholarship and letters. Then if the young men students fail to carry off the honors perhaps they can court the scholarly girls and possibly win.—*Leviston (Me.) Journal.*

To Would-Be Graduates.

Advice to young ladies about to graduate: Be just as sweet as you can. The man who doesn't like to look upon a sweet girl graduate is a villain—or married. Tie your essay with a blue ribbon, and be practical in the choice of a subject. We suggest "The Coming Man." Advice to young men about to graduate: Don't mind the newspapers. Whoop it up for all you're worth on the commencement stage about "The Scholar in Politics," "The Ideal Republic," and "The Political Destiny of Patagonia." About five years from now read your oration over to yourself slowly.—*Buffalo Express.*

COLORADO REMINISCENCE.

We had laid up that night on the Platte River. Mr. Colby, the Sheriff of Arapahoe County, had come down to Chuff's ranch in search of jurors, and seeing a party of Eastern tourists camping near by, had walked over to make our acquaintance. He was so fresh and breezy, and, withal, so genial and gentlemanly, he had such an air of being master of the situation and himself that we were all of us glad when he accepted our commissary's invitation to remain and sup with us.

After tea we gaily assembled around the roaring camp fire, and for awhile wit and laughter winged the happy time. But, as the twilight deepened, the gusty talk blew over, silence fell upon us with the night. Our shepherd, for once unmindful of the tender lambs he had led forth into the wilderness, was sitting astride a wagon tongue, pensively greasing his boots. The commissary had folded the map of Colorado, and, dumb as a door nail, had slid himself down from the bumpy log, on which he had been for some time a restless sufferer. Even Philadel, the soul and genius of our party, had, for a season, turned the key upon wit and song. Gracefully throned on her hand-trunk, she watched, in silence, the bright and happy sparks that danced a carminale as they rose, light-footed from the orange flames. All was quiet upon the Platte; the tongues of the wagons were not more silent than ours.

The Sheriff of Arapahoe was the first to break the spell. "I started in to tell you," he said, "the true story of Jim while we were at supper, but I struck a snag in the shape of a flapjack and didn't get too late for it."

"It's not too late for it yet," said the commissary.

"Well," continued Mr. Colby, "twenty years ago I was stopping at Hard-up, Cal., trying to dig my fortune out of a mine there. In the town was a one-horse lawyer named Smith Johnson, who was about the biggest sort in all the diggin's round. And Smith had a son named Jim—a red-haired, freckled little 10-year old scamp who was the terror of all the hen roosts and gardens in the town. The way I won Jim's heart was this: I had a water melon patch that was, if you'll forgive the figure, the apple of my eye. One evening I walked forth my garden for to view and what should I see in the middle of it but that skeezy, Jim, letting into one of my water melons as lively as a mole. Up I came in the rear and gathered up Jim by the waist-band, whereat, finding his little game was blocked, he commenced to wriggle and howl."

"Let me go," said he. "I won't come here no more. Please let me go, Mr. Colby."

"Oh, you young scamp," said I. "I've got you now and I think I'll keep you. I find it's very safe to punish these bad boys that are so ready to be good when they're caught. Do you know what I'm going to do with you?"

"I'd give him a final shake and setting him up on his pins. 'I'm going to send you to jail.'"

"Oh, please, Mr. Colby, give me a whippin' an' let me go."

"No, I haven't any right to whip you, but I'm obliged by the law to send you to jail, and I can tell you a jail is an awful place. There's rats there!"

"Oh-o," groaned Jim.

"And sometimes in the night, they gnaw off your toes."

"Please, Mr. Colby," whined Jim.

"And your nose," said I, "and you have to go to bed without any candle, and you can't play poker, and they do say that the ghosts of the people that were there before and got hung for stealing watermelons, come back at midnight and make a dreadful noise. Oh, I can tell you it's no fun to go to jail."

"Well, after I had chaffed the little scamp long enough, I gave him a sermon on the moral law and let him go with nothing worse than fright but, after that, strange to say, Jim and I were chock by jowl."

"Some time after the watermelon fracas," continued Mr. Colby, "I was going up the gulch to Shooptown when I saw, on the side of the hill, the tracks of the Vigilance Committee. They were three road agents that had been tried and hung the day before and left suspended from the branch of a tree to strike terror into the hearts of evil doers. Well, there was a mob of boys round this monument of justice and they were diverting themselves with running down hill and swinging the luckless road agents to the breeze. Jim was just receiving the cheers of the crowd for sending his man up to the branches, where he had lodged a minute before he came down, when he spied me in the road and came to meet me."

"Yer see, Mr. Colby," he began, in a rather deprecatory voice, "I didn't see no use in them three loafin' on that branch without bein' any use to themselves nor nobody else so I just set them up in business. And now I've come down to ask whether you've saw an old whiskey barrel on legs about here."

"A whiskey barrel?" said I. Why no, Jim, what do you mean?"

"Oh, I mean the old one of course. He's getting most uncommon bad lately."

"Jim," said I, did you never hear about honoring your father?"

"Honor that old sardine! He! He! Really an' actually now that's a good un." You'd have somersetted over yer skin to have seen that old coon last night. I come home, goin' on to 11' when he heered somethin' rattin' round an' he riz up and when he seen me leg out and one leg in, he says, says he, 'Jim, whar've you been?' un' I says, says I, 'I've been down to the Silver Tooth.'

"Then," says he, 'an what' was you doin' there?'"

"I was playin' a little game of poker," says I.

"Did you make anythin', Jim," says he.

"Yes, sir," says I, "I won \$13."

"Then there come a big thaw in his voice an' he says, says he (meltin' like), 'James Madison, my son, take that five years from now read your oration over to yourself slowly.'—*Buffalo Express.*

and git me a gallon of first-class benzine," says he.

"But I lost it all again, father," says I.

"Well, sir, he rared up in bed, an' says he, 'You little scamp, if I catch you round to the Silver Tooth again I'll take the hide an' hair off yer. Hain't you got nothin' better to do than to spend your old father's last red-agamblin' an' disgracin' of yer family?' says he, bustin' out cryin' like as though he'd jest buried his demijohn."

At this point in his narrative Mr. Colby paused. "The sequel," cried Philadel. "Let's hear how Jim wound up."

"I left Hard-up," resumed Mr. Colby, "about two years after I first met Jim. Three years later I happened to be in Virginia City, and one day while there, as I was coming out of the barber's shop, who should walk up but Jim himself. 'Why, Jim,' said I, 'where'd you come from? and where'd you get all those good clothes?'"

"Them clothes," said Jim, "why I did a merchant tailor out o' them clothes. I charged 'em to the old man. That's a good 'un, ain't it? I wouldn't have done it, though, if I hadn't come out as a reformed individual, and it was positively necessary to get some reformed toggery."

"How did you get reformed, Jim?" said I.

